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MERRY CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, EXERCISES, PLAYS
DRILLS, MOTION SONGS, ACROSTICS
TABLEAUX, PANTOMIMES, GAMES
SONGS AND MUSIC

EDITED BY
JOSEPH C. SINDELAR
AUTHOR OF
Morning Exercises for All the Year
The "Nixie Bunny" Books
The Best Christmas Book
Best Memory Gems

BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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JOSEPH C. SINDELAR

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Special thanks are due Marie Irish, M. Josephine Moroney, and Thomas B. Weaver for the fresh and excellent material which each furnished. Grateful acknowledgments are also made for selections which have been gathered from various sources.—J. C. S.

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DEC 31 1917

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MERRY CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

RECITATIONS AND QUOTATIONS

A LITTLE WISH

T. B. Weaver

Although I 'm very small,
  And little I can do,
Yet I can wish to one and all
  A Merry Christmas, too.

DOLLY'S CHRISTMAS

M. Josephine Moroney

Last night I took my dolly's socks
  And hung them up with mine,
In hopes that perhaps old Santa Claus
  Would bring her something fine.

And, sure enough, on Christmas morn,
  I found—what do you think?
A pair of lovely little shoes
  To match her stockings pink.

I think you will agree with me
  That Santa is a dear;
He knew my dolly needed shoes,
  And so he hung these here.

A FUNNY TALE

ALICE E. ALLEN

The earth's a big stocking
Hanging in space;
Old Christmas is Santa—
Smiles on his face.
He wreathes it with holly and trims it with chimes,
And fills it way up to the brim with Good Times!
How do I know?
Why, a bell *tolled* me so!

Primary Education

CHRISTMAS WISHES

Recitation for eight children.

I 'd like to be a snowflake
At happy Christmas time.

I 'd rather be some holly
With berries red and fine.

I 'd like to be a Christmas star
Shining in the sky.

I 'd like to be a Christmas bell
Ringing sure and high.

I 'd like to be a Christmas tree
With dolls and skates and toys.

I 'd like to be a stocking
Full of things for girls and boys.

I 'd like to be old Santa Claus
To give boys sleds and drums.

I 'd rather be a little girl
When Christmas morning comes.

A LADY SANTA CLAUS

T. B. Weaver

If Santa Claus were once a boy
  And now is old and gray,
And if he have no brother
  To take his place, some day;

But if he have a sister,
  And his work should be hers,
I wonder if to us she'd look
  All right in boots and furs?

She might make a good Santa
  When old Saint Nick is gone;
But I hardly think she 'd look just right
  Without the whiskers on.

SING A SONG OF SANTA CLAUS

Marion Mitchell

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
  Dressed from head to toe
In the warmest kind of clothes,
  Made of fur, you know.

Face as rosy as can be,
  Eyes that dance with glee,
And a heart that beats for us,
  Beats for you and me.

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
  Do you ask us why?
If you are a real good boy
  He 'll never pass you by.

DOING ITS BEST

ALICE E. ALLEN

In a chime of bells
So sweet and clear,
The song of the angels
You can hear—
As if each little glad-hearted bell
The story of Christmas tried to tell!

THE RUNAWAY STOCKINGS

ALICE E. ALLEN

Recitation for a little boy or girl holding a filled but faded red stocking.

The stockings in the fireplace,
Do you know,
They stole to look for Santa
On tiptoe?

But when they heard his sleigh bells,
In a trice
They whisked back to their places,
Still as mice!

But this wee red one could n't
Reach its nail,
That 's why it looks, this morning,
Sort of pale.

Oh, yes, old Santa filled it—
Have no fear—
But just suppose he had n't
Oh, dear, dear!

Primary Education

HOW I PLAYED SANTA

Adapted by T. B. Weaver

Recitation for a little girl.

As Christmas is coming, I 'm anxious to tell
How I once played Santa, I liked it so well.
I got a large apple quite perfect and red
And tied grandma's name to it with a silk thread;
Then in her work basket I hid it with care,
And hoped she would think Santa Claus had been there.

I watched till she found it. She said: "Who 'd have thought!
This must be an apple that Santa Claus brought."
I hid in a corner and laughed on the sly,
To think grandma's Santa was only just I.

A case for his glasses I made my papa,
And a neat little apron for precious mamma;
[My grandma, she helped me to keep out of sight
And to make little stitches and do it just right].

"Santa Claus even thinks of such old folks as we,"
Said my papa that day as he called me to see;
And mamma said sweetly, "Nothing nicer than this
Could Santa have brought me," and gave *me* a kiss.
I like to play Santa, and since I 've begun
I mean, every Christmas, to keep up the fun.

IF

Alice E. Allen

If I were a Bell—a little Christmas Bell,
I 'd fill my little corner with such a silvery spell

That all the bells should listen and all the bells should chime,
A-wishing every one on earth, a "Merry Christmas Time!"

HOW WE ACTED

T. B. Weaver

A concert recitation with actions.

This is how we looked when we were told that we were bad, (1)
And that Santa did not like such naughty little girls and boys; (2)
But when we tried to be polite (3) we all looked pleased and glad; (4)
And this is how we acted when we got our Christmas toys. (5)

(1) Pupils wear the crossest kind of faces.
(2) Pupils look disappointed.
(3) Pupils look pleasant.
(4) Pupils look glad.
(5) Each pupil from his sleeve or clothes pulls out a funny stocking, and all try to see what is in the different stockings, in which are just a few small amusing articles; and as these are drawn out the pupils have a good time, as they naturally would at home, laughing and saying funny things and making cute remarks for a few minutes, when they retire from the stage.

TO MISS MISTLETOE

Alice E. Allen

For a tiny child, with sprig or bough of mistletoe held high over her head, talking to it, and kissing it lightly on next to last line.

O you pretty little Miss,
How your berries came, I know:
Every single one 's a kiss—
Listen, now, Miss Mistletoe!

Christmas saw you, little Miss,
Paused below you, tiptoe—so:
And—like this, and this, and this—
Kissed you, dear Miss Mistletoe!

Primary Education

REAL CHRISTMAS BELLS

ALICE E. ALLEN

Recitation for several children.

We 're Christmas Bells—one, two, three, four,
Six, ten, twelve, twenty—maybe more—
  All decked with scarlet holly;
When Christmas comes so hale and bluff,
You 'll find we have n't tongues enough.
  Though they 're so brisk and jolly,
To tell of all the joy and mirth
With which he fills the big round earth;
For all your little tongues are worth,
  Come, help us, Jack and Polly!

Primary Education

AN IMPATIENT WAITER

Three hundred days and sixty-five,
  And every leap-year one day more.
And just one Christmas!—sakes alive!
  They might at least have put in four!

I don't know who the people were
  That fixed things so, but I 'll be bound
That when they made the calendar
  There was n't any boy around.

Oh, yes, when Christmas comes, I know,
  They give you skates and sleds and such;
They 're nice, but when the ice and snow
  Are gone, they don't amount to much.

A football suit is what I need.
  A football, too, but now—to-day!
And "Christmas coming"? Yes, indeed;
  But oh, it 's weeks and weeks away!

Youth's Companion

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS

Adapted by T. B. Weaver

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to a fireplace broad and wide.
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came
Loaded with toys and many a game.

"Ho! ho!" with a wink and a laugh of fun,
"I 'll have no cheating, my pretty one:
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
And truly just one little girl lives here."

So he crept up close to the chimney place
And measured each sock with a sober face;
Just then a neat little note fell out
And fluttered down, like a bird about.

"Aha! what 's this?" then he said in surprise
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes
And read it with ease, as Santa Claus can.

"Dear Saint Nicholas,"—so it began—
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I hung for a child named Clarabell Hall:
She 's a poor little girl, but gentle and good.
So I thought perhaps you, in kindness, would
Fill up her small stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas also bright;
If you 've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clarabell's—I shall not care."

Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh;
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side of earth's portals.

"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh! what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but, down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney, comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe:
And how Santa laughed when he gathered them in
And fastened each one to a sock with a pin!

Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She 'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
He said as he smoothed out the folds of blue,
And pinned a silk flag to each stocking, too.

When all the warm clothes that were ordered by him
Had been brought and each stocking was filled to the brim,
Then Santa Claus tucked a rare toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying: "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them too, on this night so wild."

The winds caught the words and bore them on high,
Till they died away in the midnight sky;
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air
Bringing peace and good will with him everywhere.

A CHRISTMAS BIRD

ALICE E. ALLEN

Of songs to be sung
  Earth has so many,
Of birds to sing them
  Scarcely any!
What can one little snowbird do?
Why, just pipe loud enough for two!

THE SAME DEAR OLD SANTA

WINNIE GRAY CURTIS

Hear the bells jingle,
For here comes Kriss Kringle,
  See, how he flies through the air,
With warm boots and jacket,
(He makes a great racket)
  With long beard and flowing white hair.

Over house tops he 's riding,
Down chimneys he 's sliding,
  With never a thought of fear.
Now the stockings he 's filling—
He always is willing—
  For Santa loves all children dear.

Into bedrooms he 's peeping,
Where children are sleeping,
  (For the sleepy man closes eyes tight)
With a soft little chuckle,
Underneath his belt buckle,
  He vanishes into the night.

Then home Santa goes
To thaw out his toes.
  And falls fast asleep by the fire.
He dreams girls and boys
Are all happy with toys,
  And that every child has his desire.

Then he starts up in fear,
For he dreams his reindeer
  Have been changed for an aëroplane!
But his dreams melt away;
And with reindeer and sleigh
  You 'll be certain to see him again.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES

ALICE E. ALLEN

For several children, with pretty motions and dance if desired.

Said a little crimson candle to a candle all in green,
As together on the Christmas tree their pretty heads did lean,
"With glance so bright and dance so light, let 's try—just you and me—
To set the night a-light with joy for every one to see!"

But somehow all the candles—the dear Miss Netticoats—
They heard the happy whisper—and cleared their sputtery throats.
With glance so bright and dance so light with all her little heart,
To set the night a-light with joy, each did her little part.

Their little rays went such a-ways they set the room a-blaze.
The fire saw and told the wind that in the chimney stays.
The wind told all the snowflakes, the snowflakes told each breeze,
The breezes told the other fires, the fires the other trees.

Old candles told the gold ones, the gold ones told the blue,
The blue ones told the new ones, till every candle knew.
With glance so bright and dance so light, on every Christmas tree,
They set the night a-light with joy for every one to see.

The Moon-Man laughed to see them—it was a pretty sight—
Ten million billion candles all dancing in the night!
The stars rushed out together—with twinkles in their eyes—
And for each candle on the earth they lit one in the skies!

Primary Education

IT HELPS

ALICE E. ALLEN

So much to *do* at Christmas,
His share no one must shirk,
But is there any reason why
We can't *sing* while we *work?*

A CHRISTMAS DILEMMA

What shall dollie have for Christmas?
I 've been thinking all day long.
For I want to ask old Santa,
And I must n't get it wrong.

Would a new hat be the nicest,
With a bow and feather, too?
Or a bran new dress for Sundays,
Or a nicer sash of blue?

I know she needs a pair of slippers.
Pink ones—they 'd be very nice;
But I want the very best thing
That he 'll bring for any price.

And she has so many dresses,
All the clothes and things, you know,
That used to be my other dollie's,
My dear old Arabella Jo.

That 's the one I broke last summer,
And you don't know how I 've missed her.
O Santa Claus! I 've thought of something—
Bring my doll a nice, new sister.

FATHER'S PRESENTS

Same old pipe for father,
  Same old socks for dad,
Same old Christmas presents
  That every year he 's had.
Same old carpet slippers,
  Same old white shirt, too;
No one thinks of buying
  Father something new.

Same old three-ply collars,
  Same old things to wear;
Same old phony cuff links—
  Fifty cents a pair.
Every Christmas morning
  Father wakes to find
The same old bunch of presents—
  Are n't his loved ones kind?

Detroit Free Press

PICCOLA

CELIA THAXTER

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas time, and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas Day;
Their little darling no joy might stir.
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas Day,
And so she slept till dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled the air,
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild:
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a shivering little bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
    Had rolled along
    The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
    A voice, a chime,
    A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
    And with the sound
    The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
    And made forlorn
    The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
    "For hate is strong,
    And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
    The Wrong shall fail,
    The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

A CHRISTMAS WISH

S. E. Kiser

I wish you all the worthiness
I 've ever wished I might possess;
I wish you, be you girl or boy,
A boundless store of righteous joy.

I wish you strength, I wish you health
And wealth, if you have longed for wealth;
I wish you gladness and good cheer—
Not for to-day—but for all the year.

I wish you, be you young or old,
A heart that never shall be cold,
And, be you great or be you small,
I wish you charity for all.

I wish you all the happiness
That I have wished I might possess,
But, more than all, that in defeat
Your hopes may live, your dreams be sweet.

MOLLY'S PHILOSOPHY

"I 'm glad that things are fixed just right,"
Said Molly in her play.
"Before of one thing I am tired
Another 's on the way.

"First New Year's day leads all the rest,
Then Valentine 's for fun.
Next, skating, sliding on the snow,
And then the winter 's done.

"It 's just the dearest thing to watch
The growing things in spring,
With maple-sugar first, then flowers,
And every pretty thing.

"I dearly love the summer-time,
  To play the whole day through,
And never have to stop and warm,
  Put on my rubbers, too.

"I 'm sure I 'm every bit as glad
  When school time 's really here
As I was on the day it closed—
  I love the whole long year.

"For always there are happy times
  All coming right away.
Thanksgiving, Easter, and the Fourth,
  Or dear old Christmas Day."

Youth's Companion

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE

EMILIE POULSSON

One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus
  Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there,
  He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
  Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse;
  "I thought you would n't mind

"If I should stay awake to-night
  And watch you for awhile."
"You 're very welcome, little mouse,"
  Said Santa with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
  Before the mouse could wink—
From toe to top, from top to toe
  There was n't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing,"
  Said Santa Claus with pride.
A twinkle came in mousie's eyes,
  But humbly he replied:

"It 's not polite to contradict,
  Your pardon I implore—
But in the fullest stocking there
  I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa. "Silly mouse,
  Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
  I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
  From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
  I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
  And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
  And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
  I 've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
  Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
  And then he gaily spoke:
"Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese
  For that nice little joke."

If you don't think this story true,
  Why! I can show to you
The *very stocking* with the hole
  The little mouse gnawed through.

A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

MARION MITCHELL

Sleep, little one, in your tiny white bed,
Mother bends lovingly o'er your dear head.
Long years ago on the sweet-scented hay
The dear little Christ-Child so peacefully lay.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby of mine.
Lullaby, lullaby,
His ways be thine.

Sleep, baby mine, as your dear Saviour slept,
While His own mother a loving watch kept;
Singing to Him, as I 'm singing to thee,
Songs that the kine heard on low bended knee.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Baby of mine.
Lullaby, lullaby,
His ways be thine.

A ROMANY CHRISTMAS SONG

SUSIE M. BEST

Oh, it 's roam! roam!
For the world is wide,
And I am a gypsy rover!
But it 's home! home!
At Christmas-tide,
Though I cross the world half over!

Oh, it 's rove! rove!
O'er the world away,
For I am a Romany!
But it 's love! love!
On Christmas Day
That brings me back to thee!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

GLADYS HYATT SINCLAIR

Smiles on the faces as people go past,
Squeaks in the snow when they hurry so fast,
Meetings and greetings so merry and glad,
Wishings and winkings all "Santa Claus mad":
Laughter that bubbles and merry wee feet,
Holly wreaths hung all the way down the street,
See the green Christmas trees frostily pearl'd—
Christmas is coming—there 's joy in the world!

Loving hands busy by day and by night,
Loving hearts beating all buoyant and light,
Secrets and whispers and mystery rife,
Doors that dare close e'en between man and wife,
Parcels and packages, bundle and box,
Can't someone hurry those stupid old clocks?
Santa Claus waits on his trip to be whirled—
Christmas is coming—there 's joy in the world!

St. Nicholas

A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE

Once on a time, in a queer little town
  On the shore of the Zuyder Zee,
When all the good people were fast asleep
  A strange thing happened to me!

Alone, the night before Christmas,
  I sat by the glowing fire,
Watching the flame as it rose and fell,
  While the sparks shot high and higher.

Suddenly one of these sparks began
  To flicker and glimmer and wink
Like a big bright eye, till I hardly knew
  What to do or to say or to think.

Quick as a flash, it changed to a face,
  And what in the world did I see
But dear old Santa Claus nodding his head,
  And waving his hand to me!

"Oh! follow me, follow me!" soft he cried,—
  And up through the chimney with him
I mounted, not daring to utter a word
  Till we stood on the chimney's rim.

"Now tell me, I beg you, dear Santa Claus,
  Where am I going with you?"
He laughingly answered, "Why, don't you know?
  To travel the wide world through!

"From my crystal palace, far in the North,
  I have come since dark,—and see
These curious things for the little folk
  Who live on the Zuyder Zee."

Then seating himself in his reindeer sledge,
  And drawing me down by his side,
He whistled, and off on the wings of the wind
  We flew for our midnight ride.

But first, such comical presents he left
  For the little Dutch girls and boys,—
Onions and sausages, wooden-faced dolls,
  Cheeses, and gingerbread toys!

Away we hurried far to the South,
  To the beautiful land of France;
And there we showered the loveliest gifts,—
  Flaxen-haired dolls that could dance,

Soldiers that marched at the word of command,
  Necklaces, bracelets, and rings,
Tiny gold watches, all studded with gems,
  And hundreds of exquisite things.

Crossing the Channel, we made a short call
  In Scotland and Ireland, too;
Left a warm greeting for England and Wales,
  Then over the ocean we flew

Straight to America, where by myself,
  Perched on a chimney high,
I watched him scramble and bustle about
  Between the earth and the sky.

Many a stocking he filled to the brim,
  And numberless Christmas trees
Burst into bloom at his magical touch!
  Then, all of a sudden, a breeze

Caught us and bore us away to the South,
  And afterward blew us "out West";
And never till dawn peeped over the hills
  Did we stop for a moment's rest.

"Christmas is coming!" he whispered to me,
  "You can see his smile in the sky,—
I wish Merry Christmas to all the world!
  My work is over,—good-bye!"

Like a flash he was gone, and I was alone,—
  For all of this happened to me
Once on a time, in a queer little town
  On the shore of the Zuyder Zee!

AT CHRISTMAS

ALICE E. ALLEN

O the sights, the sights of Christmas!
  Earth all green and crimson things;
Lights a-twinkling, snowflakes sparkling,
  Till you think they 're angel wings.

O the sounds, the sounds of Christmas!
  Songs, with sleigh bells flashing through;
Voices, laughter rippling after,
  Till you find you 're laughing too.

O the scents, the scents of Christmas!
  Fires, flowers, pine, and spruce,
All together, can't tell whether
  You for tears or smiles have use.

O the touch, the touch of Christmas!
  Held within its tender sway,
Had you treasure in rich measure,
  You would give it all away!

Primary Education

NO SANTA CLAUS?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

If it be true, as some do say,
  That there 's no Santa Claus,
What is this Spirit on the way
  That never seems to pause,
When Christmas chimes are sounding clear
  Upon the frosty night,
In spreading splendid gifts of cheer
  In every mortal's sight?

What is this sense of glow divine
  That comes to you and me
When watching all that happy line
  Of children round the tree?
Whence comes this mantling atmosphere,
  So full of sweet release,
That falls about us once a year
  And covers us with peace?

No Santa Claus? Oh, men of doubt,
  Whence comes this sorry claim?
Would you so fair a spirit flout
  For reasons of a name?
Dear Santa Claus is everywhere
  Where hearts are true and kind,
And where there 's love of man, 't is there
  His presence rare we find!

Harper's Weekly

THE TWENTY-SIXT'

WILBUR NESBIT

I 've washed my face an' combed my hair,
An' not forgot to say my prayer;
An' never jerked or slammed the door,
Nor gone a-slidin' on the floor.
Because four weeks ago I knew
That Christmas Day would soon be due—
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

I 've had a thousand chances where
I might 'a' yanked somebody's chair;
I 've seen a thousand dandy ways
Where I might do some things to raise
The dickens, but I 've had to wait
Till Christmas is wiped off the slate—
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

Three nights a week I 've set an' read
Until 't was time to go to bed,
When I was tempted strong to go
An' tease my sister an' her beau;
Three nights a week her beau has smiled
An' said I am a model child—
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

I 've been the best boy in the school,
Learned everything an' broke no rule;
The teacher tells the other boys
To notice how I make no noise,
An' how I get my answers right,
An' how I always am polite—
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

I 've gone to Sunday-school each week
An' told why Moses was so meek,
An' who was Cain, an' all about
The way Golia' got knocked out.
The teacher Sunday told my ma
I 'm the best boy she ever saw—
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

An' yesterday a man went by
Who wore a plug-hat two feet high;
I had a snowball, an' I itched
An' squirmed, an' all my fingers twitched
To sock it one, but I did not.
A boy must sacrifice a lot—
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

Oh, Christmas comes but once a year,
But it 's a long time gettin' here!
It 's hard to do just what you should;
It 's hard to keep on bein' good
When wall-eyed Walter King comes by
An' yells, "Fight me! You dassen't try!"
  I 'm waitin' for the twenty-sixt'!

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CHRISTMAS CAROL

PHILLIPS BROOKS

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
  But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,
  When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
  On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight
  That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
  The voice of the Christ-Child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,
  With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
  Where the feet of the Holiest trod,
This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
  That mankind are the children of God.

AN ETHIOPIAN SANTA

WILBUR NESBIT

"Mawnin', sistah Johnsing. Mawnin', brothah Green.
Hope de fines' Chris'mas yo' has evah seen.
Hope yo' white folks treat yo' moughty well an' good—
Gib yo' all a 'membunce, lak dey sholy should.
Lawzy! Whut dat roas'in'? I cain't undehstan'?
Santy Claus dat fotch hit uz a cullud man.

"Um-m-mpuh! Sistah Johnsing, sholy dat smell sweet!
Seem to me yo' cookin' simply cain't be beat.
Bress mah soul, hit possum! Lawd, now, look at dat!
Juice is des a-oozin' fum he side so fat!
Lan' o' grace! De gravy mought-nigh fill de pan.
Golly! Guess dat Santy uz a cullud man!

"Tell yo', sistah Johnsing, I don't want no pie;
Des gib me some possum. Um-m-m! Den lemme die!
Leave de white man's tukkey on de highes' roos'—
Lemme cyahve dat possum. Sistah, tu'n me loose!
Bress de Lawd fo' possum—fines' in de lan';
T'ank de Lawd dat Santy uz a cullud man!"

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GIVE

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

See the rivers flowing
  Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
  Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving
  Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
  Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
  Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
  From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
  Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
  By their mother earth!

Give thy heart's best treasures,—
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

The moon that now is shining,
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night;
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the heavens
Appeared an angel band,
The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian shepherds stand,
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease—
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace.

The vision in the heavens
  Faded and all was still;
And the wondering shepherds left their flocks
  To feed upon the hill:
Toward the blessed city
  Quickly their course they held
And in a lowly stable
  Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
  Was the maiden-mother mild,
And in her arms her Son divine,
  A new-born Infant smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
  From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
  The suffering was not past.

The Eastern kings before Him knelt,
  And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshiped and adored
  The wonders God had wrought.
They saw the crown for Israel's King;
  The future's glorious part;
But all these things the mother kept,
  And pondered in her heart.

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,
  He heard an angel sing:
"This night shall be the birth-time
  Of Christ, the heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
  In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
  But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothéd
  In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
  That usen babies all.

"He neither shall be rockéd
  In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
  That resteth on the mould."

As Joseph was a-walking,
  There did an angel sing,
And Mary's child at midnight
  Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
  This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
  For His star it shineth clear.

Old English

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

CHARLES MACKAY

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
  In this fast fading year:
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
  Come gather here.

Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
  And join in friendship now:
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
  Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
  In this fast fading year:
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
  Come gather here.

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
  Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
  Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
  In this fast fading year;
Ye, with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
  Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
  If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces,
  Under the Holly Bough.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

EUGENE FIELD

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy, [leroy!
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that 's worn by Faunt-
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for bellyache! [on me.
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies
But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat:
First thing she knows she does n't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched *me!*"
But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I 'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she 'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I 'm good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemnlike an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What 's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what 's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I 'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys:
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they 's company, don't pass yer plate for pie again:
But, thinkin' of the things yer 'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

It came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
  To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
  From heaven's all gracious King.
The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
  With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
  The world has suffered long.
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
  Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
  The love song that they bring;
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
  And hear the angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
  Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
  With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
  Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
  And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS

Swinging o'er the hill;
Ringing sweet and still;
Bringing peace, good will—
Hark, the soft and silvery chime
Of the bells at Christmas time!

Alice E. Allen

We loved the springtime's sun and rain,
We longed for summer's rose again,
We loved the autumn's golden grain.—
We love the winter's cold!

Dora Read Goodale

December's come, and with her brought
A world in whitest marble wrought.

Frank Dempster Sherman

December's brow is white with snow
As swift his crackling footsteps go
O'er hill and dale, o'er mount and sea,
December laughs in noisy glee,
While merry bells ring sweet and clear,
And Christmas crowns the dying year.

Ruth Raymond

Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour-King is born.

Eugene Field

"A merry, merry Christmas!"
The little people say.
"We wish you all a happy time
Upon this Christmas Day."

Secrets everywhere you go!
Long black stockings in a row,
Wreaths of holly, bells that chime,
That is jolly Christmas time.

A little fir grew in the midst of the wood,
Oh, there in his evergreen dress he stood;
His branches were sweet with the balsam smell,
His needles were green where the white snow fell,
And always contented and happy was he.—
The very best kind of a Christmas tree.

Henry Van Dyke

Where Santa Claus lives
There is no one that knows,
Nor where Santa comes from,
Nor whither he goes;
But always and always
At each Christmastide
Abroad in his sleigh
Does old Santa Claus ride.

A song in heaven,
A bell on earth,
Are telling again
A Baby's birth—
Glory in heaven,
Good will on earth!

Alice E. Allen

Skies may be dark with storm
While fierce the north wind blows,
Yet earth at heart is warm,
And the snowdrift hides the rose.

Celia Thaxter

There 's a dear old tree, an evergreen tree,
And it blossoms once a year;
'T is loaded with fruit from tip to root,
And it brings to all good cheer.
For its blossoms bright are candles white,
And its fruit is dolls and toys,
And they 're all free for both you and me
If we 're good little girls and boys.

Hang up your stocking, put out the light,
The Saint of the children is coming to-night:
Just peer up the chimney and jump into bed,
And shut your eyes tight when the good-nights are said.

Hurrah! for the Merry Christmas tree,
Hurrah! for its branches tall!
Hurrah! for jolly old Santa Claus,
Merry Christmas, one and all!

Of all the good days in the year!
A good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time!
It *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, "God bless it!"
Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong bell. Bell, ding, dong; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Dickens

I still may hear the Christmas angels singing in humble human hearts.

Winifred Kirkland

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon:
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story books.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Give the gentle word, the kindly glance,
Be sweet and tender—that is doing good!

If you 've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it!

For those who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live.

Phœbe Cary

We are little candles burning in the night,
In the world is darkness, so we must shine,
You in your corner, and I in mine!

Anna B. Warner

What does it mean when the days are short?
When the leaves are gone and the brooks are dumb?
When the fields are white with the drifting snow?
These are the signs that winter has come!

M. E. N. Hathaway

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Little frost flowers on the pane,
Little snow stars in the air,
Winter brings to us again
Lovely pictures everywhere.

These winter nights, against my window pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine sprays of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Now, Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together;
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather!

Old Rhyme

Give only loving gifts!

Emilie Poulsson

The best of Christmas joy,
Dear little girl or boy,
That comes on that merry-making day,
Is the happiness of giving
To another child that 's living
Where Santa Claus has never found his way.

'T is the time of the year for the open hand,
And the tender heart and true.
When a rift of heaven has cleft the skies
And the saints are looking through.
The flame leaps high where the hearth was drear,
And sorrowful eyes look bright,
For a message, dear, that all may hear
Is borne on the Christmas light.

Margaret Sangster

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

Lowell

Bring in the trailing forest-moss,
Bring cedar, fir, and pine.
* * * * * *
Bring cross and garland from the snow,
And keep your Christmas green!

Lucy Larcom

MONOLOGUES AND READINGS

SOMEBODY'S PICTURE

MARIE IRISH

Monologue for a little girl.

GIRL *comes on stage with her dolly, which she places in a little chair; then sits beside her with a book or magazine containing a picture of Santa Claus.*

Now, dolly dear, you sit up nice and straight in your chair and pay attention, 'cause I have something to show you. What 's that? You want a piece of candy? W'y, Dorothy, you jus' had a piece a little while ago. Don't you know it 's bad for the health to eat too much candy? 'Sides, to-morrow is Christmas and we 're sure to have a lot of candy then. No [*shakes finger at dolly*], it won't do you a bit of good to tease for it, 'cause you can't have any more to-day. Now, I want to show you a nice picture. What do you say? Is it a picture of a bear? No, of course not. An', 'sides, you needn't look scared—a bear can't hurt you if he 's in a picture.

Now, just look [*shows dolly picture of Santa*]! Isn't he a nice old man? Do you know who he is? You don't [*in surprise*]? W'y, I 'm s'prised at you, Dorothy! This is Mr. Santa Claus, who brings all the children presents. Don't you think he 's dreffful fat? I 'm sure Mrs. Santa Claus must be a splendid cook, 'cause he looks like he ate an awful lot. Don't you think that 's a nice, warm cap he 's got on? He has to wear that, 'cause he lives way up North, where it 's terrible cold. You 've been a real good dolly all the year, so I 'm sure Santa Claus will bring you something nice for Christmas. What do you want? What? Some candy? W'y, you ought to wish for something sens'ble, like slippers or a new dress. I hope he 'll bring you a blue dress and a nice little trunk to keep your clothes in. Wouldn't that be

lovely? But don't look cross, 'cause you can have some candy, too.

Now, Dorothy, what did I say this nice man's name is? What? You can't remember? Dear me, you're awful forgettery. His last name is jus' like something a cat has. Can't you think? What? No, of course it is n't kittens—it 's claws. His name is Santa Claus—SANTA CLAUS! Now, don't [*shakes finger at dolly*] you forget it again, or he may not bring you any presents, not even some candy!

WRITING TO SANTA CLAUS

MARIE IRISH

Monologue for a boy.

BOY *enters with sheet of paper and a pencil.*

Our teacher told us 'bout a boy that wrote a letter to Santa Claus an' got jus' lots of presents, he did! So I 'm goin' to write an' tell 'im what I want 'im to bring me, but [*shakes finger at audience*] don't you tell anybody, 'cause if the other boys an' girls know 'bout it, they 'll all be writin' too. an', sakes alive, Santy would n't have presents nuff to go round —I should say not! I sha'n't even let my ma know I 'm goin' to write, 'cause she 'd be sure to say, "Oh, don't bother poor Santa Claus, he has so much on his mind already." But say, I guess Santy Claus don't worry very much, 'cause his pictures look so fat an' jolly.

Well, I better git started. Gee, I hate to write letters. [*Sits at table.*] I ain't a very good speller, an' pa says I won't never git hung for bein' a fine writer, neither,—but I should worry! [*Spells out the spaced words as he pretends to write.*] D-e-e-r S-a-n-t-y C-l-a-w-s, p-l-e-z bring me for C-r-i-s-m-u-s (now what do I want?) some—[*scratches head*]—a pair of—(pshaw, can't think of nothin' when I try to write 'em down. Oh, yes, I know)—[*writes*]: A sled. (I hope he 'll bring me one that can beat Tim Hall's—he thinks he 's got the only racer on the track, he does.) [*Writes*]

Some skates. (Say, wouldn't I like to git so 's I can skate crost-handed with the girls like the big boys do? That 's some swell fun. An', oh, yes) [*writes*] a watch. (Ma says I 'm too young to have a watch, but how 'm I to know how to git to school an' not be late if I don't have a watch? An' if I 'm late I can say my watch was slow, an' that 's an awful good excuse. An' I want—) [*writes*] a kodak. (Say, I wish I could 'a' took a picture of my girl an' me when we was slidin' down hill on the same sled las' week! I bet it would 'a' made some swell picture all right. An', oh, yes,) [*writes*] a book with stories 'bout Injuns an' b-a-r-e-s. (My granma allus gives me books that 's made for girls that don't have no excitement in 'em. An', oh, yes, I want) [*writes*] a bat an' a b-a-w-l. (I tell you a feller 's got to begin young if he 's goin' to be a great ball player. An' I want) [*writes*] an air-gun. (I may have to go to war some o' these days, an' I better begin to git prepared. An', oh, yes.) [*writes*] a flash-l-i-t-e. (S'pose I 'd meet a burglar some night in the dark. How 'd I know where to shoot 'im if I didn't have a flash along? An', oh, yes,) [*writes*] a fountain pen. (Ben Evans says he has jus' heaps o' fun writin' notes to the girls sence he got his fountain pen. An' I sure would have missed a whole lot if I 'd forgot to put it down.)

Well, I guess I better not ask Santy for anything else, 'cause my folks allus gives me a lot of presents at Christmas, too, an' if Santy brings me all these it 'll make 'bout as many as one boy oughter have. So I 'll jus' finish this up an' have it done—thank goodness, 'cause I hate to write letters. [*Writes and spells*] G-o-o-d-b-i-e S-a-n-t-y. Y-o-u-r-e a-f-e-c-k-s-h-u-n (gee, I don't know how to spell affectionate. Never mind, I can say lovin' jus' as well, an' I know how to spell that) [*writes*] Y-o-u-r-e l-u-v-i-n T-H-O-M-A-S. (There, that 's done, an' it 's a pretty good job, too, even if I did do it myself.)

ELIZABETH'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

MARIE IRISH

Monologue for a young lady.

Good morning, Mrs. Hubbs. I came over to see if I could borrow one of your knitting needles—what in the world did I do but break one of mine—and just when I 'm working my head off to finish that thingamayjigger I 'm knitting for Aunt Sophia. What is it I 'm making? Oh, a sort of a—well, I hardly know what you *do* call it, but it 's to use for sort of a —oh, really, I don't exactly know what it *is* to be used for, but it 's awfully pretty, and like that one that Sallie Winters made for—and oh, Mrs. Hubbs, isn't Sallie's new hat pretty? Oh, haven't you seen it? It 's just swell and *so* becoming. Really, it 's a peach. Oh, yes, of course I 'm making lots of Christmas presents—stacks of them—though I can't possibly get them all done—I never do, you know. Oh, yes, I just love to make Christmas presents—at least I love to start them, but I come in sort of slow on the finish.

What am I making for my mother? Oh, the most beautiful linen piece—all embroidered—just a dream, you know. Mother will be frightfully pleased with it. Oh, no, I haven't got it finished yet—in fact, I 've only got a little done on it, and, when I saw I never *could* get it finished by Christmas, I decided—since it 's going to be so *beautiful*—that I 'd finish it for myself and put it in my hope box. You don't know what a hope box is? Why, Mrs. Hubbs! Well, it 's a box that a girl keeps sort of put away where she stores linen and towels, and embroidered pieces and things like that, in the hope that she 'll some day get a husband and they 'll be ready when she needs them. What? You think I 'm too young to have a hope box? Well, I haven't really got one yet; but time I get this lovely piece finished to put in one—you know there 's *so* much work on it—I 'll probably be old enough to be hoping someone will take me off of pa's hands—he says I get more expensive every year. He grumbled when I asked him for Christmas money yesterday, and when I told him it was more blessed to give than to receive he said: "Yes Miss, and a dummed lot more expensive."

What else am I making? Well, the cutest little what-you-may-call-it for Cousin Madge. It is going to be swell—honest—an' as I told Nell Haskins—and oh, by the way, is n't it a pity that Nell sprained her ankle so she can't go to the Christmas party? Such a shame, after she 's had a lovely green and silver gown made to wear—it 's just beautiful and made so swell—one of those patterns that are—well, I don't know just how, but you know that sort of new style that is—well, it 's perfectly up-to-datish! I just did n't know *what* to make for Brother William—he 's so particular—of course he 's lovely, if I do say it myself; but he is sort of peculiar—if he is my brother—and he does n't care for presents that are n't practical. He always wants to know what a thing is for—boys are that way, you know—so I told Maud Warren that I was going to make him a nice—you know Maud is real interested in William—she thinks he is fine, and she said she thought he 'd like that real well and it would be useful, too.

Oh, Mrs. Hubbs, you ought to see the lovely little thing I crocheted for grandmother! It 's a—you know she has so much trouble with cold feet and they 're so handy—not the cold feet, you know, but these little things like I 'm making her. As I told mother, it is quite a lot of work; but grandmother is such a dear, and of course she 's getting old, so I thought I wanted to make her something real nice.

And, oh, Mrs. Hubbs, I saw the dearest thing-a-bob in the store window the other day, and I decided to make one like it for Uncle Thomas. Yes, I was just going to tell you what it was like—and not expensive either. Of course, I always have to give Uncle Thomas something real nice because he is so good to all of us and—is n't it too bad he is so deaf when he has such a lot of money? Then, too, I 'm trying to get that pestiferous bother made for Sister Lillie—she has been bothering all of us most to death about one for Christmas, in hopes she could induce some of us to make her one—being the youngest, thinks she has to have just what she wants.

Well, mercy me, Mrs. Hubbs, I *must* be going—with all the work I 've got on hand! You certainly know all about the presents I 'm making—I 've described them all so well to you—like as not you 'll be making some like them. Well, good-bye, and thank you *so* much for this knitting needle.

BILL JONES' NEIGHBORS

This poem on the Brotherhood of Man may profitably find a place on a Christmas program.

I got all kinds o' neighbors where I 'm livin' by the Crick—
Some Yankees and a Polock, and the Dutch is pretty thick.
An' there 's seventeen Norwegians that haul milk along the road,
An' the 's Irish, some; an' others I ain't figgered whar they growed.
An' some of 'em is differ'nt in their livin' ways to mine—
I reckon it 's their raisin'—an' I never got a line
On the half a dozen lingoes hearn around a threshin' bee,
Fer I wuz born a Yankee, an' that 's good enough fer me.

But somehow, when my wife was sick an' I wuz mighty blue,
Then Hilda—she 's my neighbor's gal—come up and pulled us through;
An' when I broke my laig last fall, an' huskin' not begun,
The Polock brought the Dutchmen and they cribbed 'er number one.
An' when my neighbor's horse got cut an' laid up plowin' time,
An Irishman he lent Bill one, an' never charged a dime;
An' take 'em here an' yander, as fur es I can see,
The lot of 'em together is just like you an' me.

I 'm proud that I 'm a Yankee, an' Pete 's proud that he is Dutch,
But the lingo makes no differ, an' the creeds don't matter much,
Fer we 're goin' to pull together—Yank an' Swede an' Mick an' Finn—
Till we 've sowed a crop of Brotherhood, an' brought the harvest in.
Fer that 's the way we figger that our boys an' gals 'll git
Their chance as we 've had our'n, an' we 'll help to fashion it!
An' the' ain't no man can stop us, and the' ain't no 'ne can say
That the neighbors down on Farmers' Crick ain't pullin' all one way.

DIALOGUES, EXERCISES, AND PLAYS

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR FOUR GIRLS

SCENE: *Four little girls are seated at a small table playing "tea party." Several dolls are also at the table. Children are evidently cross.* SECOND CHILD *takes up a doll.*

FIRST CHILD: That 's my doll! You must n't take it! [*Angrily.*]

SECOND CHILD [*putting it down hard*]: Stingy, stingy! I 'd like to break it! [*Crying.*]

THIRD CHILD [*standing, and taking* SECOND CHILD *by the arm*]: Come on home, you big cry-baby!

FOURTH CHILD [*getting up with* SECOND *and* THIRD CHILD *and trying to comfort her crying friend*]: Yes, and she 'll be sorry, maybe—

[*Glancing back at* FIRST CHILD, *who is sulking alone at the little table. The others have taken their dolls, so she is now left with only the doll over which they quarreled. She takes it in her arms, but still sulks.*]

[*All stand still as* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS *enters. This is a tall girl, who is dressed in long red robe trimmed with holly and white fur. She has long golden hair, and carries a large horn-of-plenty, in which many small gifts are to be seen.*]

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS [*looking amazed at finding the children quarreling*]:

The Spirit of Christmas am I, children dear,
And I stay but a very short while,
All your hearts I would fill with the best of good cheer,
That will help you o'er many a mile.

And it grieves me to find you all quarreling here,
So now let me see how you smile.

[*All the children smile, a bit unwillingly.*]

I hope you 'll remember me all through the year
Though I stay such a very short while.

[*Exit* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS; *and children, smiling, go over to table and all four stand with their arms entwined.*]

CHILDREN [*all together*]:

Oh, let 's not quarrel any more,
But share our dolls and dishes;
And fill our hearts full to the door
With loving Christmas wishes!

CURTAIN

FOOLING SANTA

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR FOUR CHILDREN

SCENE: *Bedroom.* MOTHER *enters, with small child by each hand. The children are either two boys in pajamas, or two girls in night-dresses. All go to fireplace (cardboard, covered with brick design crepe paper), where children hang stockings after* MOTHER'S *speech.*

MOTHER:

Come now, dearies!
Hang your stockings right up here,
Handy for old Santa dear.
Then you 're ready—prayers all said—
To be tucked up snug in bed.
For to-night is Christmas Eve,
When good Santa gifts will leave
Softly, softly, in he 'll creep,
If you go right off to sleep.

[*Kisses children and tucks them in; then blows out the candle at head of bed and leaves them, as the children call, "Good-night, Mother."*]

FIRST CHILD [*leaning on elbow, as if listening*]:

Come on now—the coast is clear!
Now we 'll catch old Santa dear!

SECOND CHILD [*both children jump out of bed, and are full of excitement*]:

You go take the stockings down,
While I find pins on the bureau.
Yours is black and mine is brown—
Oh, we 'll catch him now for sure—oh—

[*One takes down stockings and holds them up.*]

Won't it be fine when they 're full?
To the pillow we must pin 'em,

[*Each one pins a stocking to pillow.*]

And we 'll surely feel the pull
When he puts the presents in 'em.

[*Children get into bed again, the stockings dangling from each pillow, and scarcely have they touched the pillow when they are asleep.* SANTA CLAUS *appears by the fireplace, and shows surprise at lack of stockings.*]

SANTA CLAUS:

No stockings here? No brown? No black?
It 's lucky I 've a pair
Of extra ones right in my pack,

[*He takes out a pair of bright red ones, and hangs them up and fills them.*]

Or else they 'd get a scare
And think old Santa kind o' slack
To leave no presents there.

[*Shoulders his pack and goes off, the children still asleep.*]

JUST MOTHER'S LITTLE GIRL

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR THREE SMALL GIRLS AND ONE LARGER ONE

LITTLE GIRL [*crossly*]:

They tell me morning, night, and noon,
That Santa Claus is coming soon,
So I must be as good as gold
And do exactly as I 'm told.
Oh, dear! [*swaying angrily*]
I wish I was n't just a girl,
With face to wash and hair to curl!
I 'd like to be a snowflake white,
And stay outdoors all day and night.
Or else a holly berry red,
And never have to go to bed.
But, most of all, I 'd like to be
A Christmas fairy on the tree—
For she does nothing else, you know,
But blow a golden trumpet, so.

[*Shows how a horn is blown.*]

I 'm sleepy, cross, and tired! [*Yawning*]
Oh, dear!
I guess I 'll rest a minute here.

[*Lies down on a couch and is soon fast asleep. While she is asleep, a* SNOWFLAKE, *a* HOLLY BERRY, *and a* CHRISTMAS FAIRY *appear.*]

SNOWFLAKE [*dressed all in white*]:

If you were a snowflake
You 'd have no soft bed,
But on the ground frozen
You 'd lay down your head.
I think you would find it
A bit cold and chill
To lie in the valley
Or on a high hill.

[SNOWFLAKE *steps to head of couch, making room for* HOLLY BERRY.]

HOLLY BERRY [*dressed in red and green*]:

Would you like to change places with Holly?
Well, you 'd have to be cheerful and jolly.
For the work that is mine
Is to make a bright shine;
I 'm a sign of gay laughter and folly!
Would you like to be my bright red berry?
Well, you 'd have to be cheery—yes, very.
You could never be sad,
Or be cross or be bad,
But you always would have to be merry.

[HOLLY *stands beside couch, as* CHRISTMAS FAIRY *enters.*]

CHRISTMAS FAIRY [*dressed in long white robe, with wings of gauze and a golden trumpet at her lips*]:

The Christmas Fairy now behold,
My wings are shining gauze;
My horn is made of glist'ning gold,
To summon Santa Claus.
You think you 'd like to change with me,
My little Goldilocks,
But when there is no Christmas tree
I 'm shut up in a box.
You 'd better stay as you were born,
You 're happier just so,
So I 'll blow soft my golden horn,
And then away I 'll go.

[*Blows a soft refrain on horn, and little girl wakes as all leave the room. The refrain may be played off stage. The* SNOWFLAKE *and* HOLLY *may leave after their speeches, if desired.*]

LITTLE GIRL [*waking up and rubbing her eyes*]:

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I plainly see
My brain was in a whirl.
Of all the things I 'd rather be—
Just mother's little girl!

A SUGGESTION

ALICE E. ALLEN

FOR THREE OF THE SMALLEST PUPILS

FIRST [*looking as much like a big Christmas Bell as he can*]

I am just a little bell,
But one message I can tell,
Everybody knows it well—
Merry, merry Christmas!

SECOND [*looking as much like a Christmas Candle as he can*]

I am just a little light,
But I shine with all my might,
On the dark these words to write—
Merry, merry Christmas!

THIRD [*looking as much like a Christmas Card as he can*]:

I am just a little card,
Holly-wreathed and Christmas-starred,
I am trying very hard
To make Merry Christmas.

ALL:

But, if we were girls and boys,
Just brimful of Christmas joys,
We could make a lot more noise,
And a Merry Christmas!

Primary Education

THE READIES

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR SIX SMALL BOYS AND ONE LARGER ONE

SCENE: SANTA CLAUS *at a bench in his workshop, surrounded by all sorts of toys. He is hammering a cart, and in various parts of the room are six small boys, the* READIES, *helping to get the toys ready for him to take on his rounds. They are dressed all in bright red, with holly on their caps, and are hung with tiny bells which ring like the reindeer bells as they move.* SANTA CLAUS *leans his head*

on his hand and seems dejected, so one of the READIES *goes over to him, and puts his hand on his shoulder. All the* READIES *look up from their tasks, and are interested in what is being said.*

FIRST READY:

What 's the matter, Santa Claus?
Are you sad to-night because
It 's a stormy Christmas Eve,
And you kind of hate to leave?

SANTA CLAUS [*keeping on with his hammering*]:

Oh, no! I 'm wondering what to do!
[*Tap–tap.*]
The children last year were so smart,
[*Tap–tap–tap.*]
They almost caught me at my task;
[*Tap–tap.*]
And if they did, 't would break my heart.
[*Tap–tap–tap.*]
What can I do to make quite sure
[*Tap–tap.*]
They 're fast asleep before I start!
[*Tap–tap–tap–tap–tap.*]

SECOND READY [*who must have been doing something that will bring him near the bench for his speech*]:

We might start and go ahead
And wind some poppies 'round each bed;
In their flowers, way down deep,
Lies a charméd, restful sleep.

THIRD READY [*with toy in his hand*]:

That would n't do any good at all.
Children are wise and can keep awake
Spite of all poppies on stems so tall.
Plan something better for Santa's sake!

FOURTH READY:

If we scattered snow around,
Then they 'd hardly hear a sound
When his great big roomy sleigh
Stopped upon its merry way.

FIFTH READY:

Aw! Some kids would love it so,
They 'd stay up to see the snow.

[SANTA CLAUS *has listened to each plan with interest, but is still at work, as he evidently doesn't think any plan good enough.*]

SIXTH READY [*eagerly*]:

Listen to *my* plan. It 's fine and dandy!
I 've got a friend by the name of Sandy;
Children all know him and love him dearly,
But they are wise and they know full clearly
Sleep for their eyes he is always bringing.
Hark now! I think I can hear him singing.
A sack full of sleep he wears behind him—
I 'll run and see if I can't find him.

[*As he says "Sleep for—" the tune of "The Sandman" is heard outside—very soft at first, and gradually growing louder as* SANDY *comes nearer.*]

[*Exit* SIXTH READY.]

[SIXTH READY *enters with the* SANDMAN, *dressed in the familiar gray costume, with the sack of sand over his shoulder. He is still humming, but stops at end of first stanza, as the* READIES *and* SANTA CLAUS *all pay attention to him.*]

READIES [*all together to* SANTA CLAUS]:

Oh, the Sandman! The Sandman!
Dear Santa Claus, worry no more!

SANDMAN [*standing near* SANTA CLAUS, *and patting his back, sings to the well-known music of "The Sandman"*]:

Sleep I am bringing
Lullabies singing,
To all the children so bonny and dear;
For when stars light the skies,
Then they all close their eyes,
As soon as they see the gray Sandman.

[*Moves away from* SANTA CLAUS, *and goes slowly across the stage, followed by the* READIES. *He is still singing, to the tune of the chorus.*]

Come with me, my Readies!
  Help me scatter sand!
For Santa Claus is waiting—
  So come and lend a hand!
He 'll fill each little stocking,
And really 't would be shocking,
If he should find the children
  Awake on Christmas Eve.

[*As he finishes song he disappears, with* READIES *after him, leaving* SANTA CLAUS *alone on stage.* SANTA *picks up his pack, puts on his big red cap, and starts off in same direction as the* SANDMAN.]

SANTA CLAUS:

Now they 've gone to clear the track,
Guess I 'll start out with my pack!

A SURPRISE FOR SANTA

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR TWO GIRLS AND A BOY

SCENE: *Playroom, with many toys. In one corner are two small beds and bureaus for dolls. There is a fireplace at one end of room, and a chest of drawers at other side. Other furnishings as desired. On floor are three children:* JOE, *aged nine, playing with erector, or similar toy. A chimney should be almost made, so that the action may not be delayed. There is also the body of a small sleigh lying near, for later use.*
HARRIET, *aged seven, blue bow on hair, undressing doll.*
HELEN, *aged five, with pink bow on hair, undressing doll.*
(*Ages may be varied, keeping the proportion.*)

JOE [*holding up chimney*]: See the chimney I 've just made for Santa Claus. Is n't it a dandy one?

HARRIET: Yes, it 's a fine one. And there 's no fire underneath to burn him, either.

HELEN: Well, mother never has a fire in ours on Christmas Eve. [MOTHER *comes in.*] Do you, Mother?

MOTHER: Do I what, dear?

HELEN: Have a fire in the fireplace Christmas Eve?

MOTHER: Of course not. I think too much of Santa for that. Are you almost ready for the carols now? It would never do to let Santa find you here.

JOE: Oh, Mother, can't I make just one more thing? I've got a sleigh almost done for Santa Claus.

HARRIET: And we must put our dolls to bed. Let Joe finish the sleigh while we get our dollies ready. Do, please, Mother.

MOTHER: Well, I will give you just time for that. I'll be back in fifteen minutes, and then you must be ready. Don't forget.

HELEN [*running to* MOTHER, *and putting her arms around* MOTHER'S *neck and kissing her*]: Oh, you're such a nice mother. [MOTHER *leaves.*]

HARRIET: Now my Arabella is all ready for bed. Is Dorothy undressed yet?

HELEN: Just a minute. There. Isn't she too sweet in her new nightie with pink ribbons? [*Holds up doll in pink-ribboned nightie.*]

HARRIET [*holding up a blue-ribboned doll*]: I like blue better.

JOE [*who has been making sleigh*]: Look here. Won't Santa be glad to ride in my sleigh?

HELEN: Oh, where are the runners?

HARRIET: And there isn't any seat.

JOE: Oh, that's just like girls. Think a feller can make a sleigh in a minute? It isn't finished, sillies. Run along and put your foolish dolls to bed.

[*Continues work on sleigh, ignoring girls. Girls get up from floor and carry dolls to small beds in the corner, cuddling them as they go.*]

HARRIET and HELEN: They're not foolish. [*Kiss dolls and lay them in beds, covering them.*]

MOTHER [*opening door*]: All ready?

JOE: I'm not quite done, but I guess Santa can make it do. But we're going to hang our stockings here, aren't we?

MOTHER: Oh, yes, right here, where there 's no fire.

[*Goes to chest and takes out three stockings—a black one and two white ones. Hands them to children.*]

Now hang them up in a row.

[*Children hang stockings on mantel.*]

HARRIET: Oh, we must n't forget Arabella's stocking, and Dorothy's.

[*Both girls go to small bureaus and bring back dolls' stockings, a blue one and a pink one, and hang them.*]

MOTHER: How nice they look, hanging there.

JOE: They 'll look nicer to-morrow morning, after Santa Claus has been here.

[*All start to leave room, and* HELEN *glances back.*]

HELEN: Oh, Mother, why don't we hang a stocking for Santa Claus? I don't believe he ever had one.

JOE: Yes, let 's.

HARRIET: Can't we, Mother?

MOTHER: Why, yes, that 's very generous of you. But we must be quick. And where can we find one big enough for Santa?

JOE [*going to bureau and bringing back a pair of black stockings*]: Let 's use a *pair* of mine.

HARRIET: And fill them with nuts and candy.

HELEN: And oranges. Oh, Mother, do let us.

MOTHER: All right. Come, Joe, we 'll see what we can find for Santa's stockings. But we must be quick or he will catch us. [MOTHER *and* JOE *go out.*]

[HARRIET *and* HELEN *pin the stockings together and hang them beside the others.*]

HELEN: How will Santa know they 're for him?

HARRIET: I 'll write his name.

[*Goes to small desk or table and prints card. (The card should be all ready, printed in straggly letters.) She shows card to* HELEN.]

HELEN [*reading card aloud*]: "For Santa Claus." Don't you think we ought to say, "With love"?

HARRIET [*taking card to desk again and printing*]: I 'll put that on. There. That 's all right. [*Reads aloud.*] "For

Santa Claus. With love." Don't tell we've got it. It 'll be a surprise. [*Puts finger on lip, as noise is heard outside.*]

MOTHER [*pushing door open*]: Here we are.

JOE: Look at these. [*Both have basket, filled with candy, nuts, fruit.*]

[*Children fill* SANTA'S *stockings, talking as they fill, while the mother stands aside, smiling.*]

HARRIET: Let 's put an orange in the toes. He always does in ours.

JOE: And lots of nuts and candy next.

HELEN: And apples on top.

JOE: No, candy canes on top, so they 'll stick up. There. Aren't they dandies? But he won't know they're for him.

HELEN [*poking* HARRIET *and whispering*]: Get it now.

HARRIET [*bringing sign from desk*]: Oh, I've got a card all ready. Here it is. I 'll pin it on where Santa can't miss it. [*Pins it on pair of stockings.*]

Card reads, in large, uneven letters—

"FOR SANTY CLAWS WITH LUV."

JOE: That 's fine. I guess he 'll be pleased enough.

MOTHER [*smiling at card*]: Indeed, he will. Come now, children. Santa mustn't find us here. That would spoil it all. Off now; it 's late, and we have to sing our Christmas carols before bed.

[MOTHER *turns gas low, leaving scene in semi-darkness, while* MOTHER *and children are heard outside, singing two carols. Any carols may be used, such as: "Once a Little Baby Lay"; "Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby, a Story I 'll Tell."*]

[*As they finish the door is pushed softly open, and* SANTA CLAUS *peeks in to see if the coast is clear. Just before he appears, bells may be rung on outside.*]

SANTA CLAUS [*setting his pack on the floor*]: Glad they're all tucked into bed, for I 've a lot of places to visit to-night and I must lose no time.

[*Reaches into pack and takes out three oranges.*]

Oranges first, in the toe.

[*As he puts them in, he catches sight of the pair of stockings for him. He steps back, amazed, then puts on his glasses and reads the card aloud.*]

"For Santa Claus. With love." Bless their dear hearts. That 's the first time any one ever filled a stocking for me.

[*Wipes away a tear.*]

Well, I guess their eyes will stick out in the morning when they see what I 've left them. I 'll say "Thank you" so that they will remember *this* Christmas.

[*Reaches into pack and brings out several toys.*]

CURTAIN

WHAT MEANS CHRISTMAS?

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO CHILDREN, ONE TAKING THE PART OF THE CHILD, THE OTHER OF THE STAR

CHILD:

Bright little star, shining afar,
Tell me pray,
What means Christmas Day?

STAR:

Christmas, my child, is a song from above;
The sweet, happy song of God's great love.
'T is the music of heaven on earth below.
'T is the Spirit of Christ in the world aglow;
For in every heart is the pulse and thrill
Of loving and giving, of peace and good will.

CHILD:

O bright little star, shining afar,
Tell me, pray,
How long will Christmas stay?

STAR:

As long, my child, as long as you live,
If always, like the Christ, you love and give.

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE *

ALBERTA WALKER

FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

CHARACTERS

OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE (may be taken by the teacher).
HER CHILDREN (dressed in their nightgowns).
MISS MUFFET.
HUMPTY DUMPTY (large piece of cardboard, with a yellow cambric back painted to look like a broken egg forms his costume).
JACK HORNER.
BO-PEEP.
PIG (pig's head made of buckram).
MISTRESS MARY.
PATTY-CAKE.
JACK AND JILL.
BOBBY ON A HOBBY STICK.
QUEEN OF HEARTS.
KING, QUEEN, AND MAID.
BOY BLUE.
KING COLE AND HIS FIDDLERS THREE.

TIME—*Christmas Eve.*

SCENE—*In front of the Old Woman's Shoe.*

STAGE SETTING

Any kind of background will serve. The shoe is made of a framework about six feet high, with an opening about four feet high, left for the door. If the woodwork does not make a perfect outline it may be supplemented with cardboard tacked on to form the curves at the heel, etc. Then the whole is covered with black cambric, nine yards being required for this size, marked off with chalk to show buttons and seams. A box placed at the door for a doorstep forms the heel. This structure is supported by two braces at the back. The shoe is now ready for use. It is quite simple to make and causes wonderful happiness.

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* The lines of the play as here published are merely suggestive. So long as the spirit of giving is entered into by the various Mother Goose characters, the play will succeed. If the children can think of other things to say which will be consistent with the parts they are to interpret, so much the better.

As the children enter to tell of the doings of the Mother Goose children on this unusual Christmas Eve, the piano may help by playing the songs which most boys and girls know so well.

OLD WOMAN: Oh dear, oh dear! Christmas has come, and I have no presents for my children. Everyone else is making ready for that glad day and I have nothing to give. I have so many children I don't know what to do. Oh! oh! oh! oh!

[*Children run in crying and picking at her dress.*]

FIRST CHILD: Mother, Mother, we 've had our broth without any bread.

ALL THE CHILDREN [*crying*]: Oh! oh! oh!

OLD WOMAN: Well, come here and be spanked now. [*They get in line for a spanking, which she administers.*] Now run along to bed. [*Children lie down in little heaps inside the shoe, but can be plainly seen by the audience. Everything is still for a few moments. Bells can be heard tinkling in the distance.*]

MISS MUFFET *enters and looks around.*

MISS MUFFET: Well, well, this is Christmas Eve. Can you guess who I am? I am Little Miss Muffet. I had a terrible fright just now. I was sitting on my tuffet when a great spider came and sat down right beside me. My, I was scared! I ran all the way here. Where am I anyway? Oh, yes, I know. [*Looking around.*] This is the poor Old Woman's house. And see! there are all her little children asleep. I know what I will do. Here are my nice curds and whey which I have not eaten. I believe the children would like them for breakfast. I will put them here on the funny doorstep. [*Puts down her bowl.*] Merry Christmas, Old Woman, and all your little children, too. [*Runs off.*]

HUMPTY DUMPTY *rolls in and looks around in a surprised way.*

HUMPTY DUMPTY: Whew! It 's a long way to the Old Woman's from my page in the Mother Goose book, but I was bound to come. My, I hope I am not broken. You see, I have some nice fresh eggs for all the little children's Christmas breakfast. I must n't let them fall. Oh me! oh my! he, he! Here they are. [*Takes eggs from under his face, and puts them on the doorstep.*] Merry Christmas to you all! [*Goes out.*]

JACK HORNER *enters with a broad smile.*

JACK HORNER: I am a good boy. I just found this plum. See my nice Christmas pie? [*Looking at the shoe.*] What a funny house to live in! Nothing but an old shoe. Those children must be very poor. Perhaps they would like a pie for their Christmas, too. I shall give them mine. [*Puts the pie on the step.*] I must go now. Merry Christmas to all the little children! Merry Christmas! [*Runs off.*]

BO-BEEP *comes in singing that she has found her sheep.*

BO-BEEP: Do you know, I just found my sheep. I looked and looked for a long time but could not find them. At last I did and here is a baby one. I have heard that the poor little children in the shoe have no toys for Christmas, so I am going to give them this to play with. I wonder where they are. [*Looks everywhere and at last spies the shoe.*] Oh, isn't this a cunning house to live in? But they do not have very much; I can see that. Well, here is my little sheep. [*Puts it in a prominent place.*] I hope these children will stay with their mother and not get lost. Then they will have a good Christmas. [*Skips off, singing.*]

PIG *trots on, grunting.*

PIG: Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh! Where am I? I am on the way home from market, for you must know I am the little pig that went to market. I have bought sugar and spice, and everything nice for the little children who live in the shoe. Ugh! ugh! ugh! Where is their shoe? Oh yes, here it is. I will put my goodies for them to see when they get up. Merry Christmas, Old Woman in the Shoe, and all your little children, too. Ugh! ugh! [*Trots off.*]

MISTRESS MARY *enters in a stately way.*

MISTRESS MARY: I 'm Mistress Mary, quite contrary. All the morning I have been picking my flowers. I shall not be contrary this time, but will give all of these sweet flowers to the Old Woman in the Shoe because she has so many children she does n't know what to do. She will like these, I know. And here are some cockle shells for the children

to play with. [*Puts basket down.*] The best of happy days to you all. Good-night. [*Walks off.*]

PATTY-CAKE *enters, clapping his hands.*

PATTY-CAKE: I am the Patty-Cake, Patty-Cake, baker's man. I have just made the finest cake you ever saw. I rolled it, and rolled it, and marked it with "T." It is for the poor children's Christmas dinner. Sh! here they are all asleep. Bless their little hearts! they shall have a pleasant Christmas Day, after all. [*Puts down cake and "Patty-cakes" off.*]

JACK *enters with* JILL, *carrying a bucket of water.*

JACK: Ouch! my head hurts.

JILL: I am Jill and this is my brother Jack. We went to the spring to get a pail of water, and we both fell down. Don't cry, Jack! Let us look for the Old Woman's house, so the children can have some fresh water for Christmas. The poor old mother has to go so far to get it that we thought we could save her one trip.

JACK: Here's the funny old shoe. Put the bucket down so she can find it here when she gets up on Christmas morning.

JILL: All right. Now don't make a noise. Merry Christmas, cunning children! [*They go out.*]

Enter BOY *riding a hobby stick.*

BOY: I've been to market; now wait till I show you what I bought. A big, fat pig! Little children always like pigs to play with. I'll leave this here for the children as a Christmas surprise. [*Rides all around the shoe and then away.*]

QUEEN OF HEARTS *comes in with a satisfied smile.*

QUEEN OF HEARTS: I am the Queen of Hearts you have read of so often. This Christmas I went into the royal kitchen and with my own hands made some tarts. Do you smell them? My! they are delicious. I am out late, looking for the shoe where that poor family of starving children live. Poor little boys and girls. Never mind, they shall have something good this Christmas. I will put these

tarts at the end of the step so they will find them when they get up. [*Looks in the doorway of the shoe.*] I hope you will have just a lovely Christmas, Old Woman. [*Goes out quietly.*]

KING *and* QUEEN *and* MAID *dance in, singing "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and carrying an immense pie.*

THE THREE: Here is the place for this pie.

KING: Won't the Old Woman and her children have fun when they open this pie?

QUEEN: Yes, they will be astonished to see the four-and-twenty blackbirds hop out.

MAID: Let us put it right here, and they will see it first thing.

KING and QUEEN: So let it be. [*They arrange themselves near the step and put down the pie with much joy. Again they sing and walk off.*]

BOY BLUE *enters, yawning and stretching.*

BOY BLUE: I know you can guess who I am by my blue suit. My! I am still sleepy, but it is Christmas Eve and I must wake up. Listen to this horn. [*Blows.*] Now I know everybody likes a horn for Christmas. In fact, Christmas isn't Christmas at all without a horn. Humpty Dumpty told me that there were some poor children around this Mother Goose book who had no horn for Christmas, so I am going to give them mine. Well, well, here is their house. And here is my good horn. I think I will take a last blow. [*Blows twice.*] Merry Christmas to all the world. [*Blows twice, then puts down horn and runs away.*]

A loud laughing is heard outside and OLD KING COLE *enters, convulsed with laughter.*

OLD KING COLE: Ha! ha! ha! Who lives here in this queer place? By my soul, it is the Old Woman in the Shoe. Whoever heard of a Christmas Eve without music? [*Thinks a moment and bursts into fresh laughter.*] Of course we must have music on Christmas. [*Claps his hands.*] First fiddler, come! [*Claps again.*] Second fiddler, come! [*Claps a third time.*] Third fiddler, come!

[*Fiddlers come on as called.*] Now give us a lively tune.

[*The fiddlers play and* OLD KING COLE *indulges in another good laugh.*]

OLD KING COLE: Now that will do. Let us call all the Mother Goose children and ask them to sing for the poor boys and girls. [*Claps his hands and calls.*] Mother Goose children, come, come!

[*The children who have taken the various parts all come in, asking, "What is it?"*]

OLD KING COLE: Come now, sing some of your Christmas carols for the children.

[*They sing one or two of the jolly songs that they have learned for Christmas.*]

OLD WOMAN [*waking and coming out of the shoe*]: Well, well, what is this? Wake up, children! wake up, and see what has happened. [*Children sit up, rubbing their eyes and exclaiming at their gifts.*] See these wonderful presents for you. [*Children pick up some of the things saying, "Oh, see the pie," or "What a darling pig," etc.*] Now make a curtsy and say, "Thank you for a lovely Christmas."

CHILDREN [*bowing*]: Thank you, Mother Goose Children, for a lovely Christmas.

MOTHER GOOSE CHILDREN: We wish you all a Merry Christmas!

Normal Instructor and Primary Plans

CURTAIN

SANTA'S BOOK

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR FOUR BOYS AND SIX GIRLS

SCENE: *The workshop of* SANTA CLAUS. *At one side is a high desk, with a large ledger on it, open. There are also a bench, an armchair, and a table. The shop is in great disorder, with paint brushes, cans of paint, tools, parts of toys, etc., scattered around. At left side of shop* [*rear*] *is a large mirror.*

MRS. SANTA CLAUS, *dressed in house dress, with sweeping cap and big apron, is discovered sweeping up shavings from floor. She is fat and good-natured, with gray hair and a pleasant smile.*

SANTA CLAUS, *dressed in regulation costume, is standing at high desk, looking in big ledger.*

[*All entrances are to be made at right, and exits left.*]

MRS. SANTA CLAUS: Well, there 's at least *one* person that 's glad "Christmas comes but once a year!" *I 'm* tired!

SANTA CLAUS [*turning his head*]: But think of all the happiness you help to make!

MRS. SANTA CLAUS: Oh, yes, I 'm really glad to help. But, just the same, I 'm tired when it 's over. But, bless their dear hearts! I would n't have one single child left out. I love them all just as you do. *You* must be tired, and all that long trip to make to-night. Why don't you sit down to read your list? Here, take this easy-chair, and rest a bit before you start out.

[*She places armchair at right side of room, slightly back from center, and a small table beside it. Then she goes over to desk and takes ledger and puts it on table.*]

SANTA CLAUS [*putting pack on floor beside armchair, sinks into chair with a sigh and begins to read list again*]: I *am* tired! But I must read over my list once more, to be sure I have n't forgotten any little boy or girl. The dear children!

[*He runs his finger down the list, turning a page as he reaches the end, and stopping once in a while to talk aloud, as indicated below. After each speech appears the girl or boy of whom he speaks, and time must be allowed for them to appear before he speaks again.*]

I. Here 's little O 'Haru San. They call her the "treasure flower," and I don't wonder, for she 's the sweetest flower in all Japan. She 's one of my dearest children, for she 's always so generous to everyone. She 's just a wee bit vain, but you 'd hardly blame her, for her mirror

tells her how lovely she is. I 'll take her a gay flower for her hair. She 'll love that.

Enter a small Japanese girl, dressed in native costume, in gay coloring. She crosses stage rather slowly, with a gay artificial flower in her hand. She admires it, and goes to mirror, where she poses, trying the flower in her hair different ways. Leaves it in hair, curtsies to her image, and goes out.

II. [*half aloud*]: Lilly, Fred, Jimmy, Margaretta, Harriet, Gretel,—

III. Oh, that Gretel is a demure little maiden. She 's a darling in her white cap and wooden shoes! She 'll be delighted with the silver skates I have for her. I have a pair for her brother Hans, too, for they 're always together.

Enter boy and girl in Dutch costume, with skates over their arms. As they cross stage, they hold up skates, showing them to each other. [*Exit left.*]

IV. [*turning several pages*]: Now here 's my "Indian maiden with raven hair." She knows all the lore of the woods and camp. I 'm glad the Camp-fire Girls are borrowing some of her sturdy qualities. I can just see her dark eyes gleam when she finds the beaded moccasins I have for her.

Enter tall girl in Indian costume, with long strings of beads and her hair in two braids. She wears old, worn moccasins, and carries a new pair in her hand. Part way across the room she sits down on bench and puts on new pair, admiring them as she goes out.

[SANTA CLAUS *runs his finger down the page silently, and then turns it.*]

V. Way up in the Alps the edelweiss grows, and the Swiss children love it; so I 've put a spray in the green hunter's hat I 've chosen for Karl.

Enter small boy in dark Norfolk suit, with a green hat, in the side of which is a flower as nearly like the edelweiss as possible. He carries an alpenstock and has a coil of rope over his shoulder, as if ready for climbing. He strides across stage and goes out.

[SANTA CLAUS *runs over two pages hastily, stopping now and then, as if in thought.*]

VI. Here 's another little girl that 's nearly as dark as Winona. How her black curls will bob when she tosses her little head in delight at the string of coral that will please her warm Italian heart. Why, she 'll dance for joy, I know!

Enter LAURELLA, *in Italian dress, with gay apron and kerchief that does not conceal her black curls. She goes straight to the mirror and puts on the string of coral, prinking to get the effect, and tosses her curls. She dances a few steps, with the coral held in various positions, then dances out.*

MRS. SANTA CLAUS [*leaning on broom*]: Isn't it time for you to be starting?

[*She comes over to* SANTA *and puts her hand on his shoulder. He looks up, still keeping the place in the ledger with his finger.*]

SANTA CLAUS: Yes, just a few pages more and then I 'll be off. Oh, I love to make children happy and hear them laugh! They make me laugh, too, with their queer names. Look at these! Did you ever read anything so funny? I don't even *try* to pronounce them.

[*They both lean over page as* SANTA CLAUS *points to this name and that. She smiles at each one, but* SANTA *laughs aloud. At one name he leans back and holds his sides, as he roars.*]

Oh, some of them *are* so queer! But they 're dears!

VII. Oh, here 's a name that I *can* pronounce, little Stuart. He 's a Scotch boy and as sturdy as can be, this "wee Macgregor." He 's not big enough to manage bagpipes, but I 'm sure he can dance his "Highland fling" just as well to the harmonica. So I 'm taking him a good one.

Enter Scotch boy, in Highland costume. He is playing some Scotch air on harmonica as he enters. When he reaches the left center, music is played behind the scenes and, as soon as he hears it, he stops his own

playing and faces the audience. He dances the "Highland fling," and dances off at last strain of music.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS [*who has been clearing up, but has stopped to see the various children*]: Come, come, you really will be late!

SANTA CLAUS: Yes, my dear, I 'm coming now. Only two more pages [*running finger down the pages*].

VIII. Oh, I remember this family well! Come here, my dear, and see what a jolly crowd it is.

[MRS. SANTA CLAUS *comes and sits on the arm of the chair, as he reads.*]

Billy, that 's the baby; Jane and John and Jimmy! They 're full of fun in that family and they call them "the three jays"; Harold, red-cheeked youngster; Kate, and Betty. They have such good times all together. Last Christmas I got there early and heard them all singing carols in the next room. I can hear them now, singing "Once a Little Baby Lay."

[*Children behind scenes sing the carol.*]

And it seemed as if I 'd *have* to open the door and surprise them, when I heard them singing, "Santa Claus Will Come To-night."

[*Children behind scenes sing one stanza of above song.*]

But of all the children I think Betty is my favorite. My dear little American girl! I wish you could see her in her white "middy" with the big red bow on her hair. I love her for her independence and straightforwardness. I know she wants a doll to mother, and she 'll have one, too.

[*Enter girl in "middy" and blue serge skirt. She wears a big red bow on her hair. In her arms is a big doll in baby-clothes, and she rocks it to and fro as she walks across stage very slowly, singing, "Rock-a-bye, Baby."*]

There! I 'm most at the end now. [*Sighs and leans back in chair.*] [*Bells are heard from outside.*]

Oh, that must be my reindeer! I must go now, right off!

MRS. SANTA CLAUS [*looking out door*]: Yes, your sleigh is there, all ready. Be sure to wrap the robe around your feet! Come!

SANTA CLAUS [*shouldering pack, with* MRS. SANTA CLAUS' *help*]: Well, I 'm off. Good-bye, my dear!

MRS. SANTA CLAUS [*opening door to look out*]: It 's cold to-night! [*pulling cap down over his ears.*] Good-bye! Now don't forget any one!

SANTA CLAUS [*starting toward the door*]: I guess not! They 're all written here [*pointing to heart*] and so I *can't* forget. The dear children! God bless them!

[*Opens door and a flurry of snow is blown in.*]

CURTAIN

THE DOLLS' CHRISTMAS TREE

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR FOUR GIRLS AND ONE BOY

SCENE: *A room at* DAISY'S *house. In one corner, a screen; in another, a plant like a small tree. On the floor sit four little girls with dolls, Teddy bear, elephant, and any other playthings. Over a chair are some long skirts, and hats are on the table.*

FRANCES: Oh, I 'm tired of playing dolls! Let 's do something else!

DAISY [*a delicate child, going to the window*]: I wish I was a boy and could go out in the rain and splash around. I hate rain! I always have to stay in and James can go out all he wants to. I hate rain!

ELIZABETH [*with very red cheeks*]: My mother lets *me* go out in the *pouring* rain. I 've got a raincoat and a rubber hat just like a boy's, and I *can't* get wet. Come on out now and play. [*Gets up.*]

FRANCES: Oh, no! Daisy can't go out. Let 's think of something to play in here.

CATHERINE [*a quiet child*]: Oh, I know! Let 's have a Christmas tree for the dolls. It 's most Christmas, and we ought to let the dolls have some fun. We can use the plant for a tree, and have a Santa Claus and everything.

ELIZABETH: Who 'll be Santa Claus?

DAISY: Maybe James would. Go ask him. I don't dare go to the open window.

ELIZABETH [*opening window, and calling loudly*]: Say, James, come on in and play Christmas with us. You can be Santa Claus in that suit that you had for the Sunday-school play last year. Come on!

JAMES [*heard from outside*]: Yep! I got to come in anyway, 'cause I fell in a puddle and I 'm soaked. You get things ready and I 'll be there in time to be Santa Claus.

[*Children are very busy getting things ready. They put the screen around the table that holds the plant, and their voices are heard from behind it as they fix the tree.*]

DAISY: This plant is just right for a tree. I 'll see if I can find any silver for trimming. [*Goes out.*]

ELIZABETH: Here 's something for my doll!

FRANCES: Is n't this fun?

DAISY [*with open box of silver tinsel*]: I found some lovely decorations.

CATHERINE: Won't this be fine for the elephant?

DAISY: Call him by his name—Ellie. Mother sent this for Teddy. [*All laugh.*]

JAMES [*in a Santa Claus costume, entering with much noise*]: Here I am, all read—

[ELIZABETH *takes him by the arm and drags him behind screen, whispering, "Don't let them see you." As he appears behind screen, all are heard giggling and whispering.*]

FRANCES [*as four girls come out*]: Now we 'll fix the dolls in their chairs, ready for the tree.

[*All fix dolls in small chairs, and set the Teddy bear and elephant beside them.*]

DAISY: We ought to put on the dresses and be like real mothers.

CATHERINE: Come on. Let 's!

[*They take clothes behind screen and after much giggling come out dressed like "real mothers."*]

FRANCES: We 'd better sit right near the children.

[*All sit on floor, behind the dolls.*]

ELIZABETH: Shall I take the screen away?

CATHERINE: We ought to sing first. They always do at Christmas trees. We like that one, "Once a Little Baby Lay."

[*Girls sing: "Once a Little Baby Lay," etc.*]

ELIZABETH [*jumping up and removing screen*]: There. Isn't that lovely?

[*Tree is seen, gaily decorated, with* SANTA CLAUS *near.*]

SANTA CLAUS [*with a grown-up air*]: Here 's a pair of pink shoes for Dorothea.

[*Hands them to* DAISY, *who puts them in Dorothea's lap.*]

And for Sarah Jane a bonnet. [FRANCES' *doll.*] Now, Teddy, here 's something that you love—a jar of honey.

DAISY [*pushing Teddy bear forward*]: Mother thought of that.

SANTA CLAUS: And I 've got a nice pair of warm socks for you,—[*has forgotten the name, so* CATHERINE *prompts, in a whisper, "Barbara."*]—Barbara. [CATHERINE'S *doll.*] I 'm sorry I 've got only one peanut for you, Ellie, but if you are very, very good, there will be more for you at the real tree next week. [DAISY *pushes the gray elephant forward.*] Oh, I 've found the loveliest little necklace for Betty. [ELIZABETH'S *doll.*] Now I hope you 'll all be good children all through the year, and next year I 'll come again and bring you more presents. [*Bows.*]

CATHERINE [*when* SANTA CLAUS *has disappeared behind tree*]: Not one of them said "Thank you!"

FRANCES: Oh, never mind! We had a good time.

ELIZABETH: And you can see that *they* did, too!

DAISY: Mother said if we'd come downstairs after the tree and bring the children, she'd have a surprise for us, too. Come on. [*All take dolls.*] Come on, Santa Claus.

FRANCES, CATHERINE, ELIZABETH: Goody, goody! Rainy days aren't so bad!

[*All run out.*]

CURTAIN

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR TEN SMALL GIRLS AND ONE LARGER ONE

SCENE: *Large room furnished as sitting room. Over the mantel is a large picture of the Madonna and Child. One side or corner of the room is curtained off, and behind the curtain or screen is a representation of the Christ-Child in the manger against a background of pine boughs. There should be a fireplace, if possible, and in front of this ten small chairs, kindergarten size, with one larger one. As the curtain rises, the low chairs are occupied by the small children, but the larger one is vacant, and the teacher or story-teller is just leaving. She is dressed in street costume and stands at the door, speaking to the children.*

TEACHER: Good-bye, children! Don't forget my story! Be sure you have the real Christmas spirit in your hearts. Merry Christmas to you all!

CHILDREN: Merry Christmas!

[TEACHER *closes door, and children talk among themselves.*]

CHILD: That was the loveliest story we've ever had, wasn't it?

CHILD: Why, I could almost see that Spirit of Christmas in her trailing red robe, trimmed with ermine, like a queen!

CHILD: And her crown of gold! Oh, she must be lovely!

CHILD: What do you suppose teacher meant when she said the *real* Christmas spirit? We know what Christmas is!

CHILD: Of course we do! Everybody knows that Christmas is for a good time, and the tree, and gifts, and—

CHILD: Hanging up our stockings, and playing games, and going after the greens, and—

CHILD: Do you suppose the Spirit of Christmas ever does come, so any one can see her, in a crown of gold?

Enter, very quietly, through curtains, the SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, *dressed in a trailing robe of red, trimmed with white swansdown. She wears a crown of gold, and carries a wand of tinsel. The children do not see her until she speaks, standing before the curtain.*

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: Yes, she truly does appear to little children, for them she loves with all her heart; and she wants them all to know what the Spirit of Christmas really means.

CHILDREN: Oh—oh—oh—oh-h-h-!

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS [*advancing among children*]: All through the Christmas season I am hovering near the earth, and I love to find little groups of children planning their gifts. Often I listen to what they say, and I try to find out if they really know what Christmas means. I 've heard them talk of all sorts of things, but they don't seem to remember what the very word "Christmas" means. Now, I wonder if you do. Tell me what the real heart of Christmas is.

[*Seats herself in the vacant chair, and children crowd around her.*]

CHILD: Isn't Santa Claus the real spirit of Christmas?

CHILD: Or holly and mistletoe?

CHILD: I think the candles on the tree and in the windows are the real heart.

CHILD: It wouldn't be Christmas without snow on the ground.

CHILD: Or the carols Christmas Eve!

CHILD: Oh, I know! The tree! That 's what I think is the best part of Christmas!

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS [*drawing near the curtain or screen*]: No, not one has told the real heart of Christmas, but I am going to show you. Not carols, or trees, or snow, but,—

[*Draws curtain aside, disclosing manger, with Christ-Child.*]

CHILDREN:

Oh-h-h!—

We ought to have thought of the Christ-Child!—

Isn't it lovely?—

Can't we sing carols now, near the Christ-Child?—

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: That will be lovely. All come near, and we 'll sing and fill our hearts with the real spirit of Christmas.

[*Children draw near and sing several carols, the stage curtain going down on the tableau, at the end of the last carol.*]

Suggestions for Carols:

"It Came upon the Midnight Clear."
"Holy Night."
"O Little Town of Bethlehem."
"Once a Little Baby Lay."
"While Shepherds Watched . . ."
"God Rest You . . ."

MOTHER'S CHOICE

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS AND A LARGER ONE AND ONE BOY

SCENE I: *Sitting-room, dimly lighted on Christmas Eve. At one end of room is a screen, and the play takes place before the fireplace. Here the mother is seated before the fire in a pretty negligee, with four children grouped around her. The three little girls are in nightgowns, and the boy in pajamas. As the curtain rises the mother is finishing a story.*

MOTHER: "And that was the last that Dolly ever heard of the Tree-Fairy."

BILLY: Mother, don't you think the willow is the nicest tree of all?

HELEN: What a foolish idea! The oak 's the best. That 's the king!

MARGARET: Oh, I like the maple best.

DORIS: The big, graceful elm 's *my* choice.

HELEN: Mother, what 's *your* favorite tree?

ALL: Tell us, Mother!

HELEN: Choose the oak!

DORIS: No, the elm!

BILLY: Mother, say "willow."

MARGARET: You love maple sugar, Mother dear.

MOTHER: How *can* I agree with you all? But I have a way to settle it! Just wait until morning and I will tell you my favorite then. And if you don't all agree with *me,* I will pay any forfeit you say. Will you wait?

BILLY: Of course we 'll wait, but we 'll have a fine big forfeit ready, for we won't give up our own favorite for *any* tree. Will we, girls?

GIRLS: Indeed, we won't!

MOTHER [*starting to rise*]: Till morning, then. Come, now! Bedtime!

HELEN: Can't we have just one more story, Mother?

BILLY: 'Bout when you were a little girl?

MOTHER: Oh, children, it 's late, and Christmas Eve we always go to bed early.

DORIS: But, Mother, we can sing our new Santa Claus song, can't we?

MARGARET: And we must hang our stockings!

MOTHER: Oh, yes; and, instead of telling another story about when I was a little girl, way up in the country, I 'm going to let you go to bed the way I used to go. I have a candle ready for each one, but you must be very careful. Now let 's hang the stockings and then we 'll sing our song. I will hang the baby's stocking first.

[*Hangs a tiny stocking, and then each one hangs a stocking on tack all ready for it under mantel. Then all stand in front of mantel and sing one verse and chorus of any well-known song, such as, "Santa*

Claus Will Come To-night.'' Then MOTHER *lights candles that are on side-table, and all form a little procession, the* MOTHER *last. They march once around the room, then out the door.*]

HELEN: Let 's sing!

ALL: Song already sung.

SCENE II: *Same as* SCENE I, *with no stockings save the tiny one. Enter four children, dressed, with filled stockings in their hands.*

DORIS [*investigating stocking*]: Oh, a big piece of slippery elm! Want some? [*Offers piece.*] How did Santa Claus know the elm was my favorite tree?

MARGARET [*looking into hers*]: And maple sugar! He must have heard us!

HELEN [*joyfully*]: And here 's the loveliest little tea set made of acorns! I 'm glad I chose the oak.

BILLY [*emptying his stocking on to the floor*]: I haven't got a thing made of willow. Oh, yes, I have! Hear this.

[*Blows shrill blast on small whistle. All cover ears; and just then the door opens and* MOTHER *enters in pretty house dress, with doll in arms, large enough to represent* BABY. *Goes to fireplace and takes down tiny stocking.*]

MOTHER [*coughing*]: What *is* all this noise about?

HELEN: Oh, Mother, we all got things made from our favorite tree, and—

BILLY: Did you hear my whistle made of willow? [*Blows whistle.*]

MOTHER [*making wry face*]: *Did* I?

DORIS: Oh, Mother, you promised to tell us *your* favorite tree, and we 've got your forfeit all ready, 'cause we 'll never give up our own favorite tree for yours. What is it, Mother?

MARGARET: Quick, Mother!

MOTHER [*deliberately*]: Let me lay the baby down and then we 'll see. [*Lays baby on couch.*] Now, all close your eyes and keep them tight shut until I say, ''Ready.''

[*Takes away screen, behind which is a decorated Christmas tree, and says, "Ready."*]

CHILDREN [*at sight of tree*]: Oh, how lovely!

DORIS: Oh, I *do* like that kind best.

MARGARET: Why didn't we think what she meant?

MOTHER: What 's the forfeit?

HELEN: Oh, Mother, you know the Christmas tree is lots nicer than the elm, or the oak, or the maple—

BILLY: Or the willow. But I like my whistle, just the same.

[*Blows a shrill blast and all cover their ears.*]

CURTAIN

CHIPS FROM THE YULE LOG

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

FOR FOUR BOYS

FIRST BOY [*dressed in the tender green of a young sapling*]:

I remember how, as sapling,
'Mid the trees I stood,
Longing to be tall of stature,
Monarch of the wood.

But my one gift was the beauty
Of my tender green,
While around me great, strong branches
Everywhere were seen.

SECOND BOY [*dressed in green and brown, like a young tree*]:

First as a sapling, then as a tree,
Always I dreamed of great service to be;
My heart was broken, there in the glade,
When I found I was good only for shade;
But my ambition never took wing,
And in my soul I still longed to be king.

THIRD BOY [*sturdy, representing a full-grown tree*]:

Up, up, up, high in the air,
Towered my branches green and fair;

Chirp, chirp, chirp, there all day long
Birdlings sang their nesting song:
Tap, tap, tap, came gentle rain,
Singing always one refrain,
"King, king, king, look up and pray!
You shall be a king some day!"

YULE LOG [*dressed in brown, with red flames made of strips of red*]:

From sapling to a stalwart tree
I grew with every season;
And now I 'm happy as can be,
And I 'll tell *you* the reason.

My tender green and dark shade, too,
They seemed to me but beauty,
And yet to usefulness I grew,
Because I did my duty.

My longing as a king to rule
At last is satisfied.
For am I not the King of Yule,
Enthroned at each fireside?

THE ENCHANTED BOXES

RUTH O. DYER

FOR FIVE BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS

CHARACTERS

EMILY, *the elder sister*
HAROLD, *the crippled brother*
MARY, *a younger sister*
ETHEL, *the baby sister*
MOTHER, *an older girl*
FAIRY QUEEN, *a small child*
FOUR BOYS, *as enchanted boxes*

COSTUMES

EMILY: Simple shirtwaist and skirt; plain white apron.
MARY and ETHEL: Gingham dresses.
HAROLD: Regular suit.
MOTHER: Plain black dress; large gingham apron. Dark shawl over head and around shoulders.

FAIRY QUEEN: Fluffy dress of white tarlatan edged with tinsel. Her wings are made of wire covered with white tarlatan and edged with tinsel. A round stick of a convenient length covered with tinsel can be used for a wand; large gold star is tied to the end. A crown is very effective when it is cut from white cardboard and covered with tinsel.

ENCHANTED BOXES: Dark suits with rolling white collars. The cartons can be procured from a hardware store, as they are used in shipping lamp chimneys and tinware. A large hole should be cut in the top for the head and one in each side for the arms. If the boxes are festooned with red crepe paper and sprigs of holly they will be more attractive.

SCENE: *A homely sitting-room.* EMILY *is sewing at a small table.* HAROLD *is whittling a piece of wood.* MARY *and* ETHEL *are playing on the floor.*

EMILY: It does n't seem one bit like Christmas Eve. I wish it would snow, then it would at least look more like Christmas.

HAROLD [*pausing in his whittling*]: I wish I had a nice present for mother. It does n't seem like Christmas when you can't give presents.

MARY [*coming to* EMILY'S *knee and leaning against it*]: I heard mother say she wanted a nice warm coat. Could n't we get her one in some way?

EMILY [*pinching* MARY'S *cheek playfully*]: You can't make coats out of nothing, child.

ETHEL: Maybe the fairies will help us. Don't you remember how they made a whole field of daisies grow for us in that vacant lot when we wanted them so badly for May Day?

HAROLD: Oh, I don't believe in fairies any more, for I have said their charm a hundred times, and no fairy queen has ever appeared to me and asked me to tell her what I wished.

EMILY: That 's just it, Harold; you don't believe in the fairies, and that is the reason why your charm has not worked.

MARY: I believe in them, and so does Ethel, and perhaps the fairy queen will give us our wish if you and Ethel and I say the charm.

EMILY [*folding her work and laying it on the table*]: Well, let 's get ready to say the charm. Harold, are you going to help us?

HAROLD: Yes, I guess I 'll help, too. You see, the fairies did help us on that May Day when we were in trouble, so I can't say I don't believe in them.

[*All join hands and skip around three times, then repeat in concert*]:

Hickory, pickory, dickory, dock,
What time is it by the wooden clock?
Time for the fairies to grant a good wish,
Come, fairy queen; dish, mish, hish!

[*All sit in circle and twirl thumbs around and around without speaking.* FAIRY QUEEN *appears and stands with wand uplifted.*]

FAIRY QUEEN: I have heard the charm of the fairies repeated. What is your wish?

EMILY [*jumping up enthusiastically*]: Oh, Fairy Queen, we do want so much to make our mother happy at Christmastime and we haven't a penny with which to buy gifts for her.

HAROLD: We want to make her the greatest gift she has ever had and we thought you could help us.

ETHEL: To-morrow will be Christmas, you know, so we shall have to be quick about it.

MARY: You 'll help us, won't you, dear Fairy Queen?

FAIRY QUEEN: Your wish is such an unselfish one that I shall be forced by the laws of Fairyland to help you. We fairies never let any one who believes in us repeat the fairy charm and express an unselfish wish without granting it. Have you anything about the house that we could turn into gifts?

EMILY: There isn't a single thing. We have used all the scraps of goods for doll dresses.

FAIRY QUEEN: I saw some large boxes out on the wood-pile as I passed. Do you mind if I use them?

EMILY: Mother had them sent up for firewood, but I guess she wouldn't mind.

FAIRY QUEEN: They will still be fit for firewood when I have finished with them. Sit down in a circle so I can use my fairy wand charm.

[*The children sit in a circle on the floor.*]

FAIRY QUEEN [*raising wand and swinging it around her head several times*]:

Boxes large and boxes small,
Come in now, both one and all.
Come and tell these children dear
Why they have no need to fear.
Christmas gifts are not so scarce
When the winds blow loud and fierce,
If we give the best we own
To the ones who make our home.

Enter four boys, each wearing a box gaily festooned with red crepe paper and holly.

FAIRY QUEEN: These are all enchanted boxes, and they will tell you just how you can make this the happiest Christmas your mother has ever known.

FIRST BOX [*Sweet Temper*]: My name is Sweet Temper. I was given this name because I was once filled with candies. Some of the sweetness must have oozed through into my sides, for ever since I have just been bubbling over with happiness and good cheer. If one of you will choose me and let me spend the Christmas with you it will make your mother happier than any gift could. She will always take delight in being with the child who has me as a constant companion.

HAROLD: I want to choose you for my companion during the Christmas season.

SWEET TEMPER: All right. I 'll take my place behind you, and, although people will see the effect of me, they will not be able to see me.

[SWEET TEMPER *takes place behind* HAROLD.]

SECOND BOX [*Helpful Deeds*]: My name is Helpful Deeds, and I am glad to see that the Fairy Queen has thought enough of me to send me to you. I was once filled with

books which told people how to be useful and happy at the same time. While I stood in the storeroom I had plenty of time to learn all those great books could teach, and I know now just what to do at the right time. The one who chooses me will be able to show the little mother a happy time, for Helpful Deeds has made many a sad day happy and will continue to do so.

EMILY: I should like to choose Helpful Deeds as my constant companion if no one else is anxious for him.

ETHEL: Why Emily, it seems that you have had him all the time, for you are always so helpful.

[HELPFUL DEEDS *takes place behind* EMILY.]

THIRD BOX [*Kind Words*]: I see that two of my friends are here ahead of me, but I guess there is room for me too. I am Kind Words. I was once filled with beautiful mouth-organs. They have long ago gone out into the world to make people happy with their sweet sounds, but I can not forget their influence and I still like to speak kind words in memory of them. I am a fine companion for this merry season.

ETHEL: Stay with me, and help me to speak words that are kind.

[KIND WORDS *takes place behind* ETHEL.]

FOURTH BOX [*Brave Heart*]: I shall have to come in too, for all my friends on the woodpile have left me for this warm room. I am a fine big box and I am sure you cannot guess what I once held. No, I see you can't, so I 'll tell you. I was once filled with little candles, but they have all gone out into the world to light weary feet along the dark way, and I want to follow their example. Choose me for your companion and you will not fear to tread the way, no matter where it may lead you, for I am Brave Heart.

MARY: Stay with me and help me to be brave.

[BRAVE HEART *takes place behind* MARY.]

HAROLD: My box has begun to work already. I feel as if I could sing and shout for joy.

[*Sings gaily a verse of a merry song.*]

EMILY [*rising and putting the room in order*]: I must make the room more comfortable for mother when she comes, for she will be tired and cold.

ETHEL: I just love you all so much. [*Goes to each and caresses them in turn.*] You are all so sweet and good to me.

MARY: I don't seem to care what happens. I feel so very brave.

Enter the MOTHER *in coarse dress with shawl over head.*

EMILY [*unpinning shawl and drawing a chair to the fire*]: Here, Mother, sit down. It is cold outdoors and our room is nice and pleasant.

HAROLD: We are all so happy when you are here with us, Mother.

ETHEL [*kissing her mother*]: We love you so much, Mother dear.

MOTHER: I wish I had a grand Christmas present for each of you, for there never was a mother who had such good children before.

MARY: We don't need Christmas gifts, Mother, for we have the grandest Christmas gift all the year around—the best mother in all the wide world.

MOTHER: Why I don't think I ever saw you all so happy before. What is the cause of it?

EMILY: I 'll tell you, Mother. We all have a Christmas present for you. I am going to give you from now on all the helpful deeds I can.

HAROLD: And I am going to keep a sweet temper for you.

ETHEL: And I am going to speak kind words for three hundred sixty-five days.

MARY: I am going to be brave and helpful always.

MOTHER: Well, these are the best Christmas gifts any mother could have. They are all gifts that will help to brighten this little corner of the world.

EMILY: Let 's all sit at mother's feet and sing "Brighten the Corner" [*or any Christmas song*].

[*All seat themselves at the* MOTHER'S *feet and sing.*]

Normal Instructor and Primary Plans

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

EFFIE L. BEAN

CHARACTERS

EBENEZER SCROOGE
JACOB MARLEY, *the Ghost*
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE PAST
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE
BOB CRATCHIT
MRS. CRATCHIT
PETER CRATCHIT
BELINDA CRATCHIT
MARTHA CRATCHIT
THE TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS *(a boy and a girl)*
TINY TIM
FRED SCROOGE AND HIS WIFE
MR. AND MRS. FEZZIWIG
GUESTS

Children playing—Men and Women on street—Fiddler

COSTUMES

SCROOGE: Knee breeches, white stockings, low shoes, white vest and necktie and long-tailed black coat. Overcoat very long and old-fashioned. Cap drawn down over ears. Long muffler, wound several times around the neck. Mittens.

BOB CRATCHIT, FEZZIWIG (and all other men and boys): Dressed similar to above.

MRS. CRATCHIT, MRS. FEZZIWIG (and all other women and girls): Tight fitting bodice with kerchief crossed on breast, wide skirt with hoops, if possible.

MARLEY'S GHOST: Dressed in long white robe with a heavy chain around the waist which drags on the floor.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE PAST: Dressed in white trimmed with flowers. Long blonde hair hanging down the back. Carries branch of green holly in one hand.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT: Deep green robe or mantle, bordered with white fur. Holly wreath on head, set here and there with shining icicles or snow (made of cotton sprinkled with mica). Dark brown curls. Old sword sheath girded around waist. (No sword.)

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE: Deep black garment concealing form and face, one outstretched hand.

SCENE I

Scrooge's Dream

TIME: *Christmas Eve.*

PLACE: *Room in* SCROOGE'S *home showing a fireplace, two chairs, cupboard, table, and a couch, placed obliquely in front of a large curtained opening into the next room. This large opening is to form the frame of the different pictures to be shown.*

SCROOGE [*entering room through large door or opening and beginning to remove outdoor wraps*]: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! That 's all I 've heard on my way home from the office! Such nonsense! Such buying of foolish toys and useless fruits and nuts and candies. Bah! Well, not one cent of my money goes for such things. Now, there 's my clerk, Bob Cratchit, poor as a church mouse. Yet even he could scarcely wait until closing time to celebrate Christmas. And to think I must close my office all day to-morrow, just because it 's Christmas! And my nephew, Fred, came to invite me to dinner to-morrow. Expects me to give presents to the whole family, I suppose. Well, I won't give them a penny. Nor shall I go there to dinner. Fred had better save his money instead of giving dinners. I 'll eat my supper now and then lie down awhile. [*Goes to cupboard and gets bowl, pitcher of milk, and slice of bread. Places them on table. Sits down. Breaks bread into bowl and pours milk over it. Picks up spoon and begins to eat.*] Now who would want a better supper than this? [*Eats in silence a few seconds, then puts down spoon.*] I think I will save the rest for breakfast.

[SCROOGE *rises, goes to couch, lies down, and closes eyes. Suddenly the ringing of a bell, followed by the clanking of chains, is heard. Sound comes nearer and nearer, and finally* MARLEY'S GHOST *appears between curtains of large opening and looks at* SCROOGE. *Walks slowly around couch, pointing at* SCROOGE.]

MARLEY'S GHOST: There lies my old business partner.

SCROOGE [*sitting up*]: Marley? Are you Jacob Marley?

MARLEY'S GHOST: When I was alive I was Marley.

SCROOGE: What do you want?

MARLEY'S GHOST: I have come to warn you.

SCROOGE: Warn me? About what?

MARLEY'S GHOST: Do you see this long chain I wear?

SCROOGE: Yes. Why do you wear it?

MARLEY'S GHOST: Each link in this chain means some mean act I performed while alive or some opportunity for helping my fellow-creatures which I neglected.

SCROOGE: Why, you always attended faithfully to business.

MARLEY'S GHOST: The business of making money, yes! But the business of helping my neighbors, no! So I have come to give you a chance of escaping my fate.

SCROOGE: Tell me what to do.

MARLEY'S GHOST: I shall send three spirits to you. Heed well their warnings. [*Disappears with wave of hand.*]

[SCROOGE *lies down again. Suddenly a clock strikes one and the* CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE PAST *skips in and dances three times around* SCROOGE'S *couch.*]

SCROOGE [*rising*]: Who are you?

FIRST SPIRIT: I am the Christmas Spirit of the Past.

SCROOGE: Why did you come?

FIRST SPIRIT: To help you to do better. Look! What do you see?

[FIRST SPIRIT *points to curtains in large opening, which are drawn apart from opposite sides. In the opening appear boys running, playing ball, and shouting. Others dressed as grown-up men and women pass by carrying bundles and holly wreaths. As they meet and pass each other they call, "Merry Christmas!" "Christmas Greetings!" to each other.*]

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: How well I remember those happy days when I was a boy!

FIRST SPIRIT [*pointing to opening, where curtains are again drawn apart and the scene is changed*]: Do you remember this Christmas?

[FEZZIWIG *and* MRS. FEZZIWIG *are standing together and shaking hands with guests as they appear. Fiddler appears and seats himself on an elevated chair and begins to tune up. After greetings are over, they dance. For the dance the piano may be used and the fiddler just go through the motions of playing, if it is impossible to get one who can play the violin.*]

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: How good Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig were to me! And what good times we always had at Christmas time!

FIRST SPIRIT: And what is this?

[*He points to opening where scene has changed. Young man and young woman facing each other. Young woman shakes head and holds up hand forbidding young man to approach and slowly backs out of sight. Young man bows head, turns and leaves.*]

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: Ah! that maiden believed I loved money more than I loved herself and so she left me.

FIRST SPIRIT: And did you?

SCROOGE: Alas! that I did. [*Bows head in hands.*]

[SPIRIT *skips around couch once and disappears through the curtains, waving hand. Shortly a clock is heard to again strike one and the* CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT *enters and walks around the couch once, then pauses in front of* SCROOGE, *who looks up.*]

SCROOGE: Who are you?

SECOND SPIRIT: I am the Christmas Spirit of the Present.

SCROOGE: Why are you here?

SECOND SPIRIT: To show you the good you may do to others.

SCROOGE: Yes, yes, help me.

SECOND SPIRIT: Now watch closely.

[*Scene in opening changes. Men and boys go past the opening carrying snow-shovels over their shoulders and shouting greetings to each other. "Fine sleighing we 'll have now." "Come to the snowball match to-morrow, boys." "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Shoppers walk by rapidly, carrying bundles, baskets, toys, etc.*]

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: How happy they seem!

SECOND SPIRIT: They *are* happy. They have the true Christmas spirit. Now what is this?

[*Scene changes.* SCROOGE'S *nephew,* FRED, *his* WIFE, *and* GUESTS *are seated at a table; pass things, and eat.*]

FRED: I asked Uncle Scrooge to come and share our Christmas dinner.

WIFE: Why didn't he come?

FRED: He said Christmas was a humbug.
WIFE: Isn't he very rich?
FRED: Yes, but he does not enjoy himself, nor do any good with his money.
GUEST: He must be a queer man.
FRED and WIFE: He is.
FRED: I am sorry for him. But every Christmas I shall ask him to come to dinner. Maybe some day he *will* come.

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: How happy my nephew and his friends are!

[*Bows head on hands.*]

[*Music is heard and voices singing a Christmas carol softly as if at a distance.* SPIRIT *disappears through the opening. Shortly after the carol is finished, the clock strikes two and the* CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE *enters very slowly with outstretched hand and paces slowly to and fro, then stops near* SCROOGE, *who looks up.*]

SCROOGE: Are you the Christmas Spirit of the Future?

[THIRD SPIRIT *nods slowly, three times. Then turns and points to opening.* SCROOGE *looks and sees two men meet in opening and talk.*]

FIRST MAN: So the old fellow is gone.
SECOND MAN: Yes, but no one cares.
FIRST MAN: Did he never do a good deed?
SECOND MAN: I never heard of any.
FIRST MAN: Well, good-bye, and a Merry Christmas!
SECOND MAN: Merry Christmas!

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: Whom are they talking about?

[SPIRIT *shakes head and points to opening, where scene changes again. Two women meet.*]

FIRST WOMAN: Have you heard the news?
SECOND WOMAN: Oh, yes! Everybody knows it.
FIRST WOMAN: Did he have any friends?
SECOND WOMAN: Not a single real one. He didn't want any. All he wanted was money.
FIRST WOMAN: Too bad! But it was his own fault.

SECOND WOMAN: Well, good-bye, and a Merry Christmas!
FIRST WOMAN: The same to you!

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE: Whom are they talking about?

[THIRD SPIRIT *points to opening, where scene changes. Several men, women and children stand looking in one direction.*]

FIRST WOMAN: There goes the funeral.
SECOND WOMAN: Poor Scrooge! Not a single friend.

[*Draw Curtains*]

SCROOGE [*placing hands to head*]: They were talking about me! Oh, what shall I do?

[*He falls upon couch and buries head in pillow.* SPIRIT *glides from sight. In a few seconds a clock is heard striking six.* SCROOGE *sits up, rubs eyes, looks about, puts hands to head, rises and looks all around.*]

SCROOGE: Why, it was only a dream! How glad I am! And just think, this is Christmas Day! Now, I 'll see what I can do to make this a happy Christmas for someone.

[*Hurries about, puts on coat, cap, muffler, and mittens. Leaves room.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II

The Cratchit Christmas Dinner

TIME: *Christmas Day.*

PLACE: *Kitchen in the Cratchit home. Large table in center of room.* MRS. CRATCHIT *and* BELINDA *spread a white cloth on the table and then set on the dishes.*

MRS. CRATCHIT: I wonder why your sister Martha doesn't come.

BELINDA: Here she is now, Mother.

MARTHA [*entering*]: Yes, here I am.

MRS. CRATCHIT [*running to her and taking off her shawl and bonnet*]: What made you so late, my dear?

MARTHA: We had some work to finish and we just got through. Where is father?

TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS, *a boy and a girl* [*jumping up and down, while looking out of the window*]: Here he comes, and Tiny Tim, too! Hide, Martha, hide. [*Martha hides behind curtains.*]

BOB CRATCHIT [*entering, leading by the hand* TINY TIM, *who walks with a crutch*]: Well, here we are at last. [*Looks around.*] Where 's Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh, perhaps she 's not coming.

BOB CRATCHIT: Not coming? Why not?

MARTHA [*running from behind the curtains*]: Here I am, Father.

BOB CRATCHIT [*embracing her*]: Well, I 'm most happy to see you, my dear.

TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS [*going up to* TINY TIM]: Come to the kitchen, Tiny Tim, and see the goose roasting and hear the pudding sing. [*They go off, one on each side of* TINY TIM.]

MRS. CRATCHIT: How did Tiny Tim behave in church to-day?

BOB CRATCHIT: He was as good as gold, and all the people spoke to him.

TINY TIM [*entering alone, leaning on his crutch*]: Oh, Father and Mother! everything looks and smells so good. We are going to have a fine dinner, are n't we?

[*The* TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS *enter, bearing a goose on a large platter. They place it carefully on the table.* MRS. CRATCHIT *enters, carrying a bowl of gravy.* PETER *enters with a large chopping bowl half full of boiled potatoes, which he proceeds to mash vigorously, then carries them from the room, returning shortly with them in a bowl, which he places on the table.* BELINDA *dishes up the sauce.* MARTHA *dusts off the plates.* BOB *leads* TINY TIM *to the table and helps him to a seat, then sits beside him. The* TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS *place chairs for the rest and all sit at the table.* MRS. CRATCHIT *helps everybody to potatoes and gravy and prepares to cut the goose.* TINY TIM *and the* TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS *pound on table with their spoons and shout, "Hurrah!"*]

BOB CRATCHIT: I don't think there ever was such a goose.

MRS. CRATCHIT: And just think, there 's plenty for everybody.

[*She rises and leaves room, returning with a large round pudding with a sprig of holly sticking in the top. The* TWO YOUNG CRATCHITS *bring in nuts, apples, and oranges.*]

BOB CRATCHIT [*rising and raising his glass of water*]: A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!

ALL: God bless us!

TINY TIM: God bless us, every one!

BOB CRATCHIT: I wish poor Mr. Scrooge could be here. But all he wants is money. Poor man! [*Rap is heard at door.*]

ALL: Come in.

[*Door opens and* SCROOGE *enters smiling and with his arms loaded with presents.*]

SCROOGE: A Merry Christmas to you all! And here are a few presents for you. A nice picture book and a game for you, Tim [*patting him on the head*], a ball and bat for you [*handing them to one of the* YOUNG CRATCHITS], a doll for you [*handing it to the other* YOUNG CRATCHIT], and a new dress for you and you [*handing them to* BELINDA *and* MARTHA]. And here, in this envelope, is something for you and your good wife [*handing it to* BOB].

ALL: Oh, thank you, Mr. Scrooge!

BOB CRATCHIT: Won't you sit down and have dinner with us?

SCROOGE: Thank you, my friends, not this time. I am going to my nephew Fred's for dinner, so I must go. Good-bye and a Merry Christmas. [*Exit, with a wave of his hand.*]

[*The* CRATCHITS *look at each other in amazement.*]

BOB [*opens envelope as they crowd around and draws out several banknotes and holds them up*]: What does it mean?

MRS. CRATCHIT [*raising her hands*]: May the good Lord bless Mr. Scrooge! His heart has changed. Now we can send Tiny Tim away to be cured, so he won't be lame any more.

BOB CRATCHIT: Hurrah for Mr. Scrooge!

ALL: Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Waving hands.*]

CURTAIN

Primary Education

FANCY DRILLS AND MARCHES

THE MARCH OF THE EVERGREENS

MARIE IRISH

FOR EIGHT OR TWELVE CHILDREN OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

Either eight or twelve children may take part, as stage will accommodate, half of whom are boys and half girls. Boys wear dark suits and trimming of bright red, cuffs, collar, belt, and red cap; girls wear white dresses trimmed with green crepe paper, collar, ruffle around sleeves, sash, and ruffle around bottom of dress, with a green band around hair and butterfly bow at top of head. Each child carries a spray of evergreen which is fastened to a stick, the girls' sticks being wound with green paper and the boys' with red.

The girls enter in single file, evergreen held in right hand, stick across chest, evergreen on left shoulder. They pass up left side of stage, across back, where they form in line six abreast, facing front, then come forward two feet and halt. The boys then enter, holding evergreen in same manner as girls, pass up left side and halt in line across back of stage, standing just back of the girls. All raise evergreen and wave back and forth slowly until a signal is given by the director, who stands just off the stage; then girls face the left, boys face the right, girls pass down left of stage, boys down the right; girls form in line across the front of stage and boys form line just back of them; all halt. During the march the evergreen is carried on shoulder, when all are in place at front they raise branches and wave as before; then little girls kneel and wave their branches in front of them, while boys wave theirs over the heads of the girls. Boys then face right of stage, girls the left, pass up sides, meet at center of back and form couples. First couple halts, facing; next couple comes through between first couple and halts just in front of them; next couple comes through and halts in front of first two, etc. At signal all turn, boys face right of stage, girls left, so couples stand with their backs together and all hold evergreen raised high, pointing

toward top of side they are facing. At signal all face about so couples stand facing, raise evergreens and hold them so those of each couple touch, forming an arch. After holding this pose, the couple at back comes down under the raised branches, then next couple follows, etc. At front of stage all boys turn to the left, all girls to right, pass to corners of front and form there in diagonal lines to center of back, all holding evergreen against left shoulder. Here the first girl kneels, the other girls stand in semicircle back of her, the boys stand just back of the girls, all raise branches and wave. After holding this pose till signal is given, they come up center to front in single file, the girl who was kneeling leading, then a boy, then a

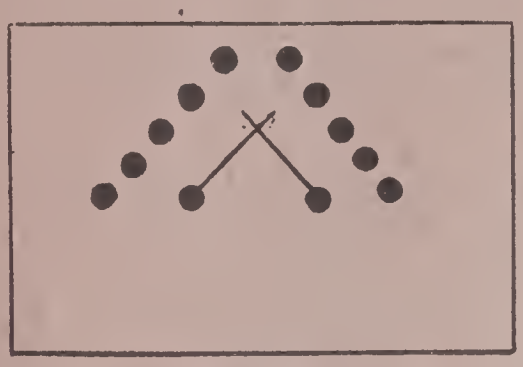

Diagram 1

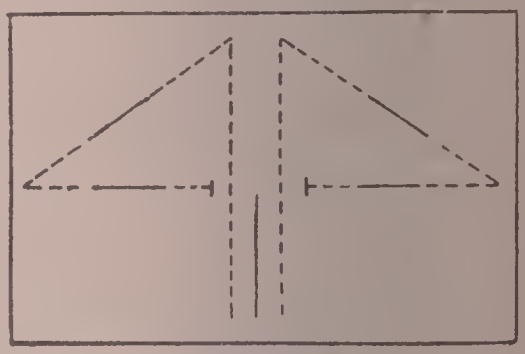

Diagram 2

girl, etc., girls and boys alternating. Pass to left corner of front, down left side to back, across to center of back, and here they halt as shown in Diagram 1, last boy and girl in file kneeling, facing with branches raised and crossed, the others with branches raised high and pointing upward diagonally to the front.

At signal the two kneeling rise and all pass in single file, same order as in the last march, the girl who was kneeling as leader, from center of back to left corner of back, down left side, across to center of front, down to center of stage, where all the boys form a circle, holding their branches raised high, and the girls march around the boys—the latter standing still —waving their branches. Pass twice around, going from left to right, then twice going from right to left. Then the boys go out to left, girls out to center of right side, from there in diagonal lines to center of back, form couples, and come down

center in couples (Diagram 2), with branches raised and crossed. At the front they form a single file, boys stepping into line back of girls, all hold branch with both hands, a hand at each end and hold it horizontally above the head. Pass around stage in large circle and exeunt.

CHRISTMAS BELL DRILL

Ethel M. Hall

FOR TWELVE GIRLS FROM SEVEN TO NINE YEARS OF AGE

COSTUMES

The dresses may be made of white cheesecloth, short waists, long, full skirts, low, round necks and short sleeves. The sashes of a very dark green with a double bow and long streamers fastened to the yoke at the front and on the left side. The hair ribbons should be of the same color.

Wreaths used are made of heavy wire about thirty-six inches long securely wrapped with the same green material as the sash. Each hoop should be bent to form a semicircle. On the inside fasten six small Christmas bells, leaving the same amount of space between the bells and enough space at each end for the hands to hold the hoop firmly. Shoes and stockings, white.

MUSIC

"Laughing Water" record, used on the Victor phonograph, works very well with this drill, but any piece with marked rhythm and 4-4 time may be used. The music must be such that it will allow a slide step and march, the change from one to the other being rapid, and no break in music should be allowed.

Heel-and-toe step takes two counts—counts three and four may be walking or slide steps.

1. Enter by twos from right of stage or space used. Wreaths of bells on left shoulder. Heel-and-toe step, starting with left foot and a slight swaying motion. Around stage once, across, back to center; when starting down center place wreaths together over heads so as to form a double half circle over each couple. First couple continue down center to front of stage. Couples two and four pass diagonally from back-center to right side, number two occupying the front and number four a goodly space behind and slightly to left. This allows the various couples to be seen. Numbers three and five take

same position to left of stage and number six remains at back of stage and in line with the first couple.

2. Couples side-step so as to leave an even space and show all faces.

3. The whole group of ones circle, turning to right and holding wreaths high over heads. Each child makes a very small circle so as to face the front at the same time.

4. Side-step back into positions of twos. Wreaths over heads.

5. Right-hand girls of the couples turn to back of stage, wreaths over heads, shoulders touching partner's—the twos circle, holding wreaths to form letter "n."

6. Then couples one, two and five turn to back of stage, wreaths held at the same height, and partly framing faces. Couples three, four and six face front of stage. March toward each other until directly opposite, then side-step; couples one and three joining to form a group of four, two facing front and two toward the back. Couples two and four, also five and six, form in same way. Circle making wheels must keep together and the tops of hoops should look like the letter "m" with one more loop.

7. Couples side-step back into twos and occupy same position as figure two, all facing front. Then gradually and in time with music, side-step to center of stage, forming a vertical line from front to back of stage.

8. Right-hand girls of line form one large circle to the right of stage and left-hand girls a large circle at left of stage, holding wreaths to center of each circle. Leaders must watch each other so as to keep their circles even and wreaths on a level. Go around twice. The last time come to center vertical line, swinging wreaths over head as each girl drops into place.

9. Position of twos—side-stepping to reach proper places. Couples five, six, and four face partners, raise hoops to form an archway. Couples one, two, and three drop hoops down around necks or they are carried like a jumping rope; this line then weaves in and out the archways formed by couples five, six, and four, and returns to original position, faces partners, and raises hoops to form archways. Then couples five, six, and four drop hoops and weave in and out of archways to original position.

10. Position of twos like figure "2."

11. Positions. All are in twos:

(*a*) Wreaths held high to form archways with each group of twos and facing partners.

(*b*) One girl of each group holds wreath in front of couples and the other behind as playing secrets.

(*c*) Wreaths thrown back over head. Defiant attitude.

(*d*) Wreaths and heads bent away. Pointing.

(*e*) Peek-a-boo. Turn back, peep through wreaths, laughing expression, as if just decided to make up and be good friends.

(*f*) Swinging—wreaths held just below chin and turned to left, slightly, then swing to right and left like chimes. This must be done in perfect time. All bells turning to right and left in unison. Repeat.

(*g*) Kneel—right-hand girl of each couple kneels—slowly—the left-hand one steps behind and crowns her with the wreath she is holding. This gives the effect of pictures in frames. The girls kneeling drop their wreaths in their laps.

(*h*) Arise and swing as in figure (*f*).

(*i*) Use heel-and-toe step for exit by twos. Sixth couple goes first, using the above step and holding wreaths over heads so as to form an "n." Number four follows in like manner. Then five and two. Number three makes a slight turn and crosses stage near center. Number one follows, and as number one reaches exit turns, bows, or gives a low dip-curtsy.

The couples must keep good time and hold wreaths evenly.

This is a very attractive drill with small expense. Good marked time is the secret of success.

Primary Education

DANCE OF THE FAIRIES

MARIE IRISH

FOR TWELVE GIRLS OF THE PRIMARY OR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

Girls wear slippers and white stockings, short dresses made of crepe paper and cheesecloth—a plain waist and short sleeves with ruffle of crepe paper around neck and sleeves, rather full skirt with ruffle of crepe paper; and, instead of wings, a big bow of crepe paper in the back,

with short ends hanging to below waist line. Each girl wears a cunning little crepe paper cap with ruffle around face to match her dress. Hair curled and hanging about shoulders. Three girls wear white dresses, three green, three red, and three yellow.

To lively dance music the three white fairies run on to stage and halt at back long enough to get into line three abreast and take hold of hands, then, with hands raised, they skip down center to front of stage, keeping time to music; still holding hands all bow, drop hands, and each turns around from left to right, using about four little dance steps to make the turn; then clap hands three times above heads, skip over to left of stage and stand in group, one girl kneeling, other two standing back of her with right hands joined. The three red fairies then run in in the same manner and, after making the same movements, stand in a group at the right side of stage. The green fairies enter and go through same movements, taking position at left, but farther back on stage and not so far to the left as the white group. Lastly, the yellow fairies run in, and, after doing same as others, take position in line with the green ones, as far from the right side of the stage as green group is from the left. When all are in place kneeling girls rise, each group joins hands and skips lightly around in a circle from left to right, then from right to left; then drop hands and stand in groups three abreast. All the fairies speak in concert.

All the Fairies:

We are gay little Christmas fairies,
  We help Mother Nature and Santa Claus;
We are busy, useful little people,
  And we work for a wonderful cause;
For we help to make your Christmas merry,
  We aid in making it beautiful, too;
Each group has a special task to perform—
  Just listen, we 'll tell of the work we do.

White Fairies:

Most everybody loves a white Christmas.
  We work in the cold when chilly winds blow,
Because we have to help Father Winter
  Provide you the frost and ice and snow.

RED FAIRIES:

Red is a favorite Christmas color.
It speaks of cheer and makes the homes look jolly;
We bring you the red for bells and garlands,
And the brilliant berries of the holly.

GREEN FAIRIES:

We are most important fairies indeed.
We bring you the well-beloved Christmas green
Of the balsam, the holly, and pine
That give the charm to each gay Christmas scene.

YELLOW FAIRIES:

Our color is found in the shining stars,
In the tapers tall that from windows gleam,
And in the candles on Christmas-tree boughs,
Making them look like a fairyland dream.

The green and white fairies pass in single file down left side as yellow and red fairies pass down the right; form in two lines across back of stage; join hands and run down to front, where they sway hands—still joined—from side to side and point right toe over across the left foot as they all speak:

ALL THE FAIRIES:

We are gay little Christmas fairies,
And a wonderful work for you we do;
We help to make your Christmas merry,
We aid in making it beautiful, too.

One line now passes up left side and halts, while the other line halts along the right side of stage; then both lines advance with skipping step to center six abreast; and, when the two lines meet, each couple, as they face, joins hands and swings once around, then lines skip backward to places along sides of stage, face back, pass to corners of back and across to center of back, keeping time to music with a skip or a dance step. Come up the center of stage in couples, hands joined and raised, stepping forward with the right foot, then giving a little spring on right toes, raising the heel from the floor; then forward with the left foot the same, etc.

As they reach center front, with right hands joined and raised, each couple halts just long enough for the right-hand

member to go through under the raised hands while at same time the left-hand member faces to the left and turns around under the hands, keeping hands joined until each has passed under them. As they pass under, those on the right hand go to right corner front, others to left corner, then in diagonal lines to the center of stage, where they form a large circle, all facing to the center. The red and white fairies skip in and out around the others; then the green and yellow fairies skip in and out around the red and white ones. Then part face about so that all in circle are facing the front of stage; each group joins hands and holds them raised high. The white fairies run down three abreast to where they stood at the first of drill and, as they halt, the girl nearest right lets go hands (other girl drops hand to side) and she comes through under the raised hands of other two and kneels in front of them. The red fairies then run down to their first position and do the same; then the other two follow, greens and then yellows in same manner.

The kneeling girls rise, all join hands and move backward with skipping step, twelve abreast or in semicircle to back of stage; then run down in same position to front, turn to right, skip up right of stage and exeunt.

CHRISTMAS PENNANT DRILL

MARIE IRISH

FOR TEN OR MORE GIRLS, OR FIVE OR MORE BOYS AND AN EQUAL NUMBER OF GIRLS OF THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES

Each member carries a pennant at least a yard long, fastened to a stick. If pennants are made from thin cloth, such as cambric, they should be made double, the letters being sewed on before the pennant is put together. Half of the pennants should be red, the other half green, and have the letters "Merry Christmas" cut from white cloth. Each child wears a small cloth cap of same material and color as pennant.

Enter in double file at corner of front, holding pennant in right hand and letting it fall back over right shoulder. Pass up side to back, across to center of back, down center of stage

to front; boys go in diagonal line to left corner of back, and girls same to right corner of back; cross to center and form couples, holding pennants up, and to the front with sticks crossed. Come down center to front; lines cross, boys going to right corner of front and girls to left; then in diagonal lines to center of back, where they again form couples, raise pennants, and cross as before. Come down the center to front, pass in couples in diagonal line to center of right side, then to center of back, to center of left side, and back to center of front, having outlined a diamond. At center of front form a single file, boys falling into line back of girls, pass up center; and from center of back the girls form side of a ∧ at right and boys at

Diagram 1

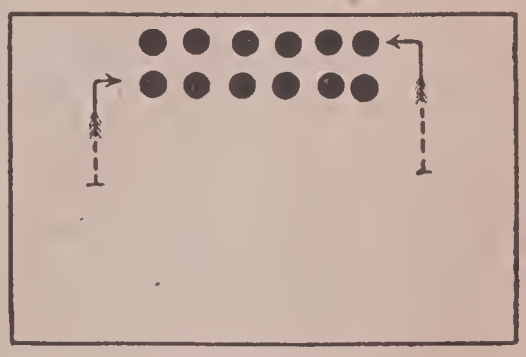

Diagram 2

the left, as in Diagram 1. First girl in file stands at *a* and first boy at *b*, the others standing in order as they come. Standing form thus, they all raise pennants and wave them as they say:

Merry Christmas to one, Merry Christmas to all!
Merry Christmas to you and your neighbor;
Oh, hang up the garlands and light the Yule log;
Lay aside all your cares and your labor.

Girls then pass back and form in line at back, the boys pass back and halt in line just back of the girls, all facing front (Diagram 2). They take hold of pennant at point with left hand, and hold it with left hand extended to the left, arm's length, stick in right hand. Then, at a signal, move pennant to the right, until right hand is out at right side arm's length and left hand, holding point, is in front of body. Then, at a signal, still holding pennant with both hands, raise it and hold

above head, hands up diagonally from shoulders. At a signal the two lines then march down abreast to front, pennants still held above head. On reaching the front the girls kneel and boys stand just back of them. If there is an even number of girls, they hold pennants with sticks crossed—that is, each two girls do—and if an uneven number, the girl at center of line holds her pennant up and out to front, the others in couples cross sticks. The boys hold pennants just the same as do the girls. They all repeat:

Get Christmas in your hearts, my friends,
Help set this good old world aglow;
Get busy making someone happy,
Smile your loudest and don't be slow!

Girls rise, all hold pennant with stick resting on top of head, the left hand holding point down at left side so as to bring pennant taut. March thus in single file around stage in circle, a girl and then a boy—same order as when they marched single file before. The file goes to right, and up right side in making circle; when the leader gets back to front, after completing circle, she leads file up right side to corner of back, and from

Diagram 3

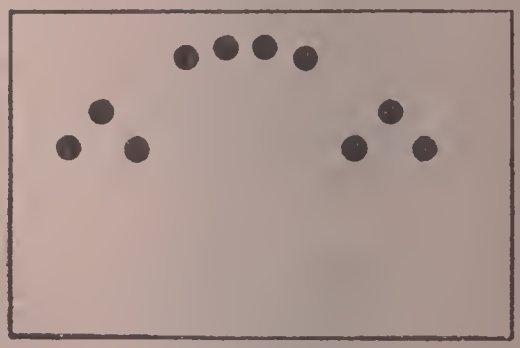

Diagram 4

there in diagonal line to left corner of front. The file halts in line extending from left front to right corner back; pennants with stick in right hand just in front of body, point in left hand out at side to hold pennant taut. Then at a signal the leader turns to left and marches along line to center of stage and winds up by going around in circles, each smaller than the first, till all are in a bunch with pennants raised and held

together in a group (Diagram 3). They sing to the tune of "Jolly Old St. Nicholas:"

Merry Christmas to you all,
  Greeting now we bring;
We 'll enjoy a holiday
  While the glad bells ring.
Secrets hiding everywhere,
  Stockings on the wall,
Santa Claus is coming soon,
  With his gifts for all.

Christmas stars up in the sky,
  Candles shining bright;
Smiling faces everywhere
  Help the world to light;
Maybe you will find your gifts
  Hanging on a tree—
Oh, the merry Christmas Day,
  Joy for you and me!

The last boy in the line now leads in unwinding—pennants held over right shoulder as on entering—by marching in circles and as they march they sing again the words of the second stanza. When the line is unwound, they finally halt across back of stage, facing front; then six step forward and form groups of three, two holding pennants with both hands in front of body, third member holding pennant same, only high. The others stand back of the groups (Diagram 4). At a signal the

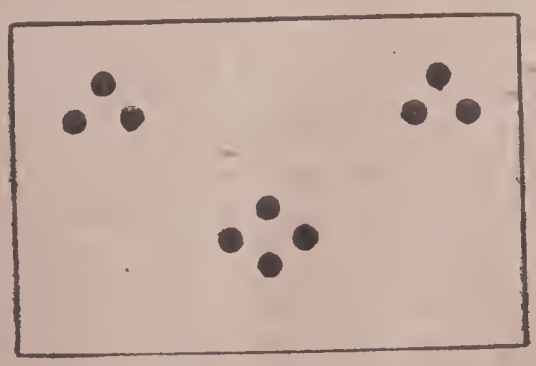

Diagram 5

members at back come forward and form group (the two groups remaining as they were) at the front, first girl kneeling

with pennant held taut in front of her; the others, holding pennants with both hands, form an arch with them over her head, some being held high, others low (Diagram 5).

The girl kneeling rises and leads line, all form single file, girls and boys alternating, pass down center to front, where each boy steps up by the girl ahead, and couples are formed. Pass around the stage in couples, pennants held to the front, held up and crossed. As they come to place where they exeunt, the leaders halt and hold pennants high for the others to pass under; then they follow off.

CHRISTMAS FLAG DRILL

MARIE IRISH

FOR SEVENTEEN CHILDREN (EIGHT BOYS AND NINE GIRLS OR ALL GIRLS) OF THE INTERMEDIATE OR GRAMMAR GRADES

(The drill may be given by thirteen children if desired.)

Girls wear white dresses with evergreen or holly sewed around the neck and sleeves and on the skirt; boys have evergreen around collar, sleeves, and down front of coat; both boys and girls wear red caps (can be made of crepe paper), and each carries a flag that has a bunch of evergreen or holly fastened to top of staff (a nail can be driven into staff and evergreen fastened to this). One girl taller than the rest dresses as Goddess of Liberty, with crown, sash of red, white, and blue, and carries a large flag. She does not come on to stage till near the close of the drill.

Enter in single file, boys and girls alternating, flags carried with staff resting against right shoulder; pass from right corner of back to left corner of front, down left side; from left corner back to right corner of front (in diagonal line); down right side, across to center of back, down center of stage to front, boys go to right, girls to left; pass in diagonal lines to center of sides, then diagonally to center of back, where they form couples, raising flags and crossing staffs. Come up center to front; first couple goes to right, second to left, etc.; pass to corners of front, down sides, meet at center of back and halt in fours. All raise flags, holding them forward, wave them,

come up stage to front four abreast, singing to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia:"

We will make a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
From the north unto the south, from east to western main,
Treason flees before us, for resistance is in vain,
Led by the banner of freedom.

CHORUS:
Hurrah, hurrah, we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes us free!
Sing a mighty chorus in the cause of liberty,
While we are marching for freedom.

On reaching front the lines halt, place flag against right shoulder, and continue singing. At the words "The flag that makes us free" raise flags and hold them forward until end of chorus. As song is finished march music begins again; form

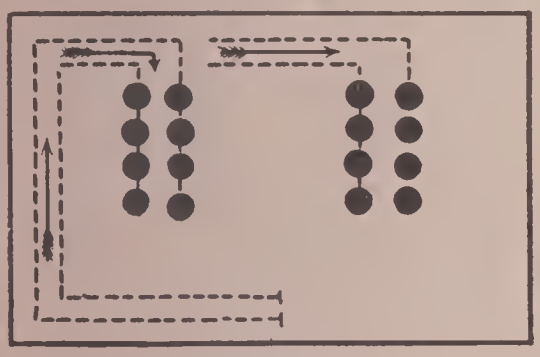

Diagram 1

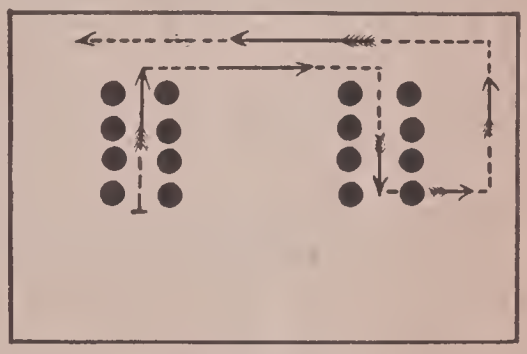

Diagram 2

couples, each couple starting from the center of front and in the same order as when they came down center in couples. Pass to right corner front, down right side, across to half-way between right corner and center of back, where the first half of the couples turn, go up and halt; the last half of couples pass on to half-way between center of back and left corner back; then they turn, pass up, and halt, all facing front (Diagram 1). During the march flag is held against right shoulder. When all are in place, each couple holds flags to the front with staffs crossed, twelve counts; face each other and hold flags high, tips of staffs touching to form arch, twelve counts; face about, couples with backs together, and hold flags high, pointing up toward top of side of stage, twelve counts;

face about and hold flags again to form arch, twelve counts; then those on right side of stage, beginning with couple standing nearest front of stage, pass under the upraised flags, going to the back of stage, each couple falling into line, single file. pass from back of stage over and down between lines of those on left side of stage, then down left side, across back of stage. and halt again in their places (Diagram 2).

When they have halted, those on left side march over and between lines, same as the first file did, returning to places. where they halt. Now come down to center of front in single files, lines cross, pass to corners of front; then in diagonal lines to opposite corner of back, the two files crossing at center

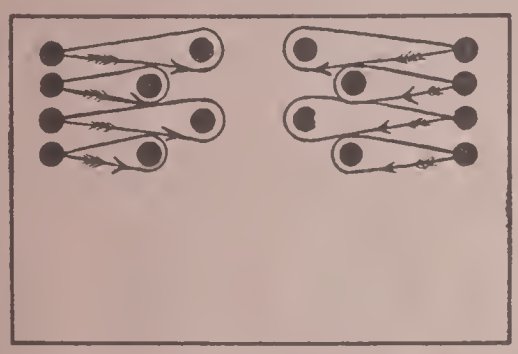

Diagram 3

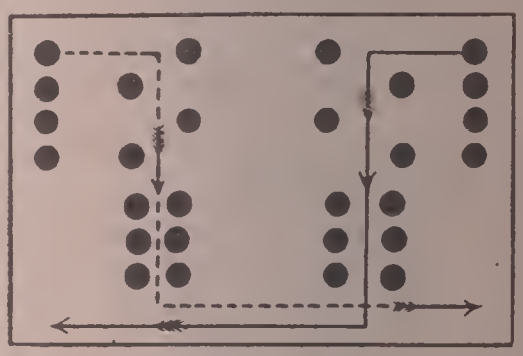

Diagram 4

of stage; turn and form in two lines across back of stage facing front, each couple with flags crossed; march up stage to front, where those on front line kneel, flags still crossed, and those on back line hold flags, with staffs crossed, above heads of those on front line. Hold this pose; those on front rise and pass up right side of stage, others up left side. Along the sides the girls halt, facing opposite sides of stage; the boys go on to corner of stage, quarter-way across back and halt as shown in Diagram 3; then all the girls start at same time and pass around the boys, the boys holding flags up high, girls holding theirs raised and pointing obliquely over head of boy around whom each one passes. Pass around boy in a circle and return to place at side, the girls who have shorter distance to go taking shorter steps, so all will get back to place at same time. When girls are in place all face back of stage, pass to corners of back. quarter-way across back and down between

line of boys (Diagram 4). As girls pass them, each boy steps beside the girl he was marching with before and they go in couples to front; those from the left go to right corner front, others to left, up sides and at corners of back, come down and halt in a V in couples (Diagram 5) facing front, flags raised and staffs crossed; flags at front are held lower than those at

Diagram 5

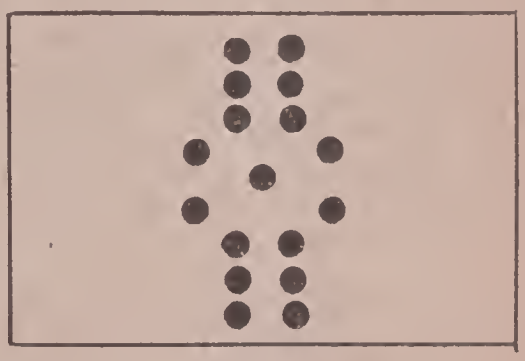

Diagram 6

back of lines. Standing thus they sing, to the same tune as before:

Christmas Day we love so well can never merry be,
'Less this flag in triumph raised o'er all the land we see,
Christmas cannot merry be unless our flag is free,
Glorious star-spangled banner.

CHORUS:
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes us free!
Hurrah, hurrah, it waves for you and me!
'Rah for Merry Christmas and the cause of liberty,
And for our star-spangled banner.

They now come down to center front in single file, pass to right corner down right side, across to center of back, where they form couples and stand up center with flags raised to form arch. When all are in place the Goddess of Liberty enters slowly with large flag held raised in front of her. She passes down between lines and halts at front of stage. The others face back of stage; first couple goes to right, next to left, etc.; pass to corners of back, up sides, and across to center of front. When they reach Goddess of Liberty, one member of the first couple from right goes to left of her and other to

right, then first couple from left passes same way, next couple from right, etc. When first couple gets to near center of back, halt, all others halting in place behind them; then Liberty turns and walks between lines, until she reaches the fourth and fifth couples, when they step farther apart and all march three couples ahead, three behind, and two beside Liberty (Diagram 6). They pass thus around stage in a large circle, and when they come back to center of back of stage, Liberty comes down to center of stage and halts, the others form a circle around her with flags raised and pointing up to hers, which is held high; then those in circle kneel, facing toward Liberty, all looking up at her flag, and sing, to the tune of "Flag of the Free:"

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,
  Chosen of God while His might we adore;
In Christmas light a glorious sight,
  Symbol of Right through the years passing o'er.
Pride of our country, honored afar,
Scatter a cloud that would darken a star,
Oh, Christmas Day, merry alway,
While o'er our country this banner shall sway.

Those kneeling rise, Liberty leads, all pass in single file, girls and boys alternating, and outline four circles (Diagram 7); then, coming down to near front, they group, with four kneel-

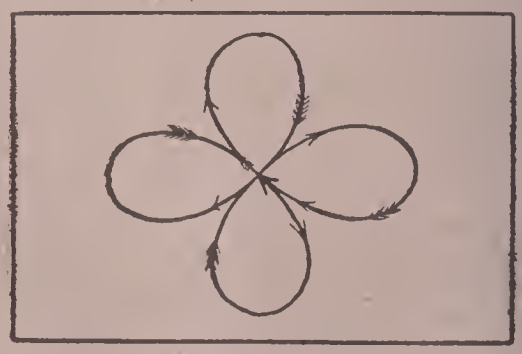

Diagram 7

ing in front of Liberty, six standing back of her, six back of them, all waving flags while they sing the chorus to the last stanza of "Star-Spangled Banner." Then Liberty leads line from the stage.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS AND GARLANDS

M. Josephine Moroney

FOR EIGHT GIRLS

1. Eight girls of uniform size march in, single file, holding an evergreen wreath with red streamers in right hand and a garland of evergreen suspended from right hand to left. Both hands are slightly raised and extended. They swing wreaths and garlands from side to side as they march around stage to music of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." To this music they sing stanza of song below. March should be planned according to size of stage, so that it may be finished at end of stanza, when they form straight line across stage, joining hands with one another, thus forming a series of festoons with wreaths.

2. When line is thus formed they sway to music as they sing stanza 2. If desired to lengthen, they may sway through an entire stanza of the accompaniment.

3. After swaying through to the end of the accompaniment they march off, in same formation as on entering, singing stanza 3. If no curtain is used, they may march off the stage; but if there is a curtain it will be effective to have them form the straight line at back of stage at end of stanza, all bowing at end.

1. With garlands and wreaths we come bringing
   A story more precious than gold,
   Glad tidings of joy that the angels
   Once sang to the shepherds of old;
   So, "Glory to God in the highest,
   [*Four soprano voices*]
   "And peace to all men upon earth,"
   [*Four alto voices*]
   We sing, as we greet you this Christmas,
   The day of the dear Saviour's birth.

2. Though we could not see the dear Christ-Child,
   And gaze in His beautiful eyes,
   Yet gladly we join in the chorus
   Of angels come down from the skies.
   So, "Glory to God in the highest,
   [*Four soprano voices*]
   "And peace to all men upon earth,"
   [*Four alto voices*]
   We sing, as we greet you this Christmas,
   The day of the dear Saviour's birth.

3. Oh, may the dear Babe in the manger
Bless all with His wonderful love;
And may every heart, full of gladness,
Sing praise with the angels above.
So, "Glory to God in the highest,
[*Four soprano voices*]
"And peace to all men upon earth,"
[*Four alto voices*]
We sing, as we greet you this Christmas,
The day of the dear Saviour's birth.

CHRISTMAS STAR DRILL

MARIE IRISH

FOR NINE GIRLS OF THE GRAMMAR GRADES

Eight girls dressed in white, with stars cut from gilt paper fastened here and there on the skirt and one on each sleeve; a black band around the head with a star fastened so that it stands up on head (this star must be made double); each carries a star at least ten inches across, made double, with a handle of thin wood about eighteen inches long fastened between the two sides. Wind handle with gilt or color it with yellow drawing crayons. From the lower half of star hang five small stars (made double) of various sizes and on different length threads, the one in center hanging the lowest. The ninth girl dresses like the others but carries a larger star with a longer handle (three feet if possible) and larger stars hanging from her star. If given in the evening, use a dim light and then throw bright light on to the various poses for tableau effect.

The eight girls enter very softly and slowly, single file, left corner of back, stars held with handle across chest and star on left shoulder, pass in diagonal line to center of front, same to right corner of back, and form line across back of stage. The girls standing at ends of the line come down and halt to form point of a V the others follow and take places in order (Diagram 1). Those on right-hand line hold stars in right hand, others in left hand, raise them, and hold high, pointing to side of stage; those toward back being held higher than those at front.

After holding this pose, the girls at the back swing in, and those at front move out to form a /\. All face in, and the two at apex do not stand close together but leave space between

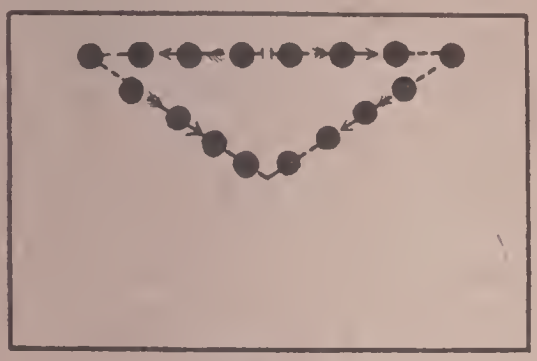

Diagram 1

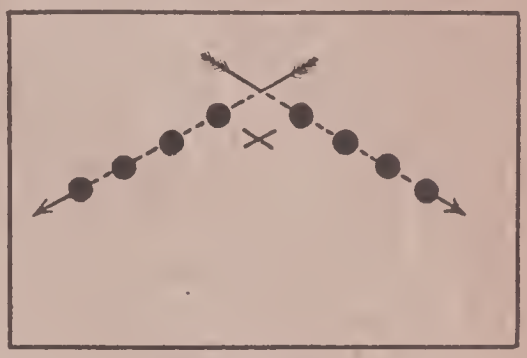

Diagram 2

and hold stars to form an arch. The other girls all hold stars the same, but, as they stand farther apart, the opening between their stars will be farther and farther. When all have stars raised the ninth girl enters, comes slowly down between the

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      * *
     *   *
    *     *
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lines and halts at x, * x * holding her star raised to the front. The other girls close into a semicircle back of her and hold stars high and pointing toward her. Bright light is thrown on to scene. Four girls then go past the ninth girl on either side and form couples as they get in front of her. Couples go to center of front, right corner, down right side to back, across to center of back, where the first couple halts, holding stars high to form an arch; the next couple comes under and halts just in front, raising stars; other couples the same. The ninth girl follows alone at the end of double file up the right of stage and, when couples are all standing with stars raised high, she passes down between the lines, comes to center of stage and kneels, star held high, pointing obliquely upward, face up, eyes looking at star. The other girls follow to center; first two stand just back and to the side of one kneeling and hold stars to form arch just over her head; four girls stand in line just back of the three and hold stars to form an arch, cen-

* *

ter two higher than others, thus: * * ; other two girls stand back of the four and hold stars pointing up, as high as possible. Turn on bright light and hold the pose.

Ninth girl rises, moves very slowly, walking backward, to center of back, where she halts; of the others, four pass her on each side, go to the center of front, where four go to right, others to left, pass to corners, up sides, and cross to center of back, where those from the left go back of the ninth girl and halt on her right; those from right go back of her and halt on her left (Diagram 2). Stars are held resting on left shoulder during this march. Keeping the position just formed, the girls advance slowly to almost front of stage and halt, raising stars and holding them pointing upward, ninth girl holding hers higher than the others. They sing to the tune of "Juanita:"

From the far heavens
Brightly gleams thy golden ray,
Silent reminder
Of the Christmas Day,
Shining, brightly shining,
From thy canopy above,
Bringing earth a message
Of good will and love.
Shine on, Christmas stars,
Twinkling through the hours of night—
Shine on, Christmas stars,
Shed thy golden light.

On night long by-gone
Shone the stars o'er Juda's plain,
As hosts of angels
Sang their glad refrain;
Then from heaven descending
Rang the angel voices sweet,
Words the stars bright gleaming
Now to us repeat.
Shine on, Christmas stars,
Twinkling through the hours of night,
Shine on, Christmas stars,
Shed thy golden light.

The girls on left of ninth girl now face right corner of back, those on her right face left corner of back; and, going back of ninth girl, the two files pass in diagonal lines to those corners.

As soon as last girl has passed her, the ninth girl walks slowly backward to the center of back of stage and halts. The files pass to corners, then across to center of back; first girl from right comes down and kneels a few feet in front of ninth girl, who has reached position at center of back; two girls from left and one from right stand back of girl kneeling; last two on each file stand back of the three; ninth girl is just back of these four; all raise stars and hold them with right arm curved over top of head, small stars hanging down almost to left shoulder (Diagram 3). Turn on bright light and hold pose.

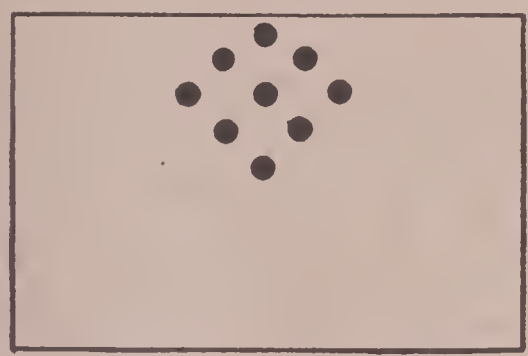


Diagram 3

Kneeling girl rises, ninth girl comes down center, and others follow her in couples—same order as on entering—pass to center front, right corner of front, diagonally to center of back, diagonally to left corner front, down left side, across to center of back, where ninth girl halts, others form a semicircle back of her; and, keeping this position, all come down to near front, where they halt. During this march stars are held against left shoulder. At front ninth girl kneels, holding star somewhat forward and to left of face; others hold stars close together and to form an arch above head of one kneeling, the two end girls kneeling so as to hold stars low. They sing to the tune of "Long, Long Ago:"

If every star shining with golden ray,
  Shining for you, shining for me;
To us at Christmas a message could say,
  What a great message 't would be!
If every star with melodious voice,
Could bid all people be glad and rejoice,
Message from heaven, we 'd make it our choice,
  How merry Christmas would be!

Kneeling girls rise, four pass single file, then ninth girl, then the other four, all holding stars above heads, ninth girl holding hers higher than the others. Pass to left corner, all single file, diagonal line from left corner front to right corner back, across back of stage, in diagonal line from left corner of back to right corner of front, up right side and across to center of back, where they form a group—two girls in front of ninth girl, two beside her, four standing close behind; all raise stars and hold them in a group, then keeping this position pass to near front, halt and sing, as bright light is thrown on scene, to the tune of "Jingle, Bells:"

Within our homes the lights
  Are shining clear and bright,
And cozy rooms shut out
  The frost and cold of night;
Anxious throngs await
  The dawn of Christmas Day,
And over all the Christmas stars
  Shine on with golden ray.
Christmas stars, Christmas stars,
  Shining bright and clear,
May a Christmas-loving world
  Now thy silent message hear;
Christmas stars, Christmas stars,
  Shining clear and bright,
May thy silent message bless
  All the world on Christmas night.

Ninth girl moves slowly backward to center of stage, while the others pass in single file up left side of stage, across to center of back, then down to ninth girl, and stand about her in a circle. She holds her star high; they all raise stars and march about her in a circle twice from left to right, twice from right to left and sing the words again of the last stanza and chorus. They then form double file in front of ninth girl, each couple standing with stars raised to form an arch through which she passes, going to center of front, to right corner of front, up the side, the others following in couples, and exeunt at right corner of back.

MOTION SONGS AND ACROSTICS

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

MARIE IRISH

MOTION SONG FOR TEN OR MORE CHILDREN OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

TUNE: *The Blue-Bells of Scotland*

1. We 're looking, we 're looking
A certain tree to find;

[*Shade eyes with right hand, look off at right, then turn and look off at the left.*]

Can you, or you, tell us
Where that tree we can find?

[*On first "you" point with right hand to persons at right of audience; on second "you" point with left hand to persons sitting on left side of audience.*]

'T is sometimes straight and tall,

[*With right hand point as to top of tall tree.*]

And sometimes 't is round and small;

[*Bring hands together as if reaching around a tree; raise right hand to show height of a short tree.*]

But it 's this is the tree
Children love the best of all.

[*Bring hands together at center of breast, face smiling happily.*]

2. We 'll march to the left and
We 'll march unto the right;

[*Turn quickly to face left, and take four short steps to the left; face about quickly, and take four short steps to the right; then face front.*]

For that tree we 'll hunt
Till of it we get a sight;

[*Shade eyes with right hand, look to right and to left.*]

Upon this tree you 'll find
Dolls to rock and candies sweet,

[*Both hands extended to the front, sway from side to side as if rocking a dolly; then hold right hand to lips and pretend to eat candy.*]

Horns to blow, guns to shoot,
Rings of gold and drums to beat.

[*Both hands held up to mouth, one in front of the other as if holding a horn; both hands out as if aiming a gun; pound one hand on the palm of the other for beating a drum.*]

3. Can you, can you guess
What this certain tree may be,

[*Point to part of audience with right hand, then with left hand to others.*]

Where lion and lamb on
The same branch you can see?

[*Point with right hand as if up to branch of tree.*]

It is the Christmas tree,
And around it in a ring,
We 'll dance and we 'll dance,
As our merry songs we sing.

[*All quickly form a circle, join hands and skip around merrily in a ring. Then all turn and dance around again, going in the opposite direction. Repeat the music of these last four lines and continue dancing in a circle while singing:*]

We love the Christmas tree,
And around it in a ring,
We 'll dance and we 'll dance,
As our merry songs we sing.

CHRISTMAS TIME IS NEAR

AN ACTION SONG FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

TUNE: *London Bridge*

Christmas snow is falling,
Falling, falling,
Christmas snow is falling,
For Christmas time is near.

[*Arms raised above head, lowered slowly forward, arms and fingers fluttering to imitate falling of snow.*]

The reindeer feet are dancing,
Dancing, dancing,
The reindeer feet are dancing,
For Christmas time is near.

[*Both hands out on level with elbow, palms down, and fingers lightly curved. Hands make rapid pawing motion. Run in place.*]

The Christmas stocking 's swinging,
Swinging, swinging,
The Christmas stocking 's swinging,
For Christmas time is near.

[*Both hands swayed, pendulum-fashion, palms inward.*]

The Christmas tree is laden,
Laden, laden,
The Christmas tree is laden,
For Christmas time is near.

[*Both arms stretched out at sides away from the body, to represent drooping branches of a Christmas tree. Palms flat, down, and held at about the level of the hips.*]

Old Santa's friends are listening,
Listening, listening,
Old Santa's friends are listening,
For Christmas time is near.

[*Left hand held cup-fashion behind left ear as if listening. Bodies bent forward and to the left. Heads turned to the right. At second "listening," alternate with*

right hand behind right ear, bodies bent forward and to the left, heads turned to the right. At third "listening," resume first position and hold it for remainder of verse.]

But soon they all are sleeping,
Sleeping, sleeping,
But soon they all are sleeping,
For Christmas time is near.

[*All bend slightly from the hips, bending forward and to the left. Bend the head to the left and rest it on the left palm. Close eyes and sway bodies slightly.*]

Now Christmas bells are ringing,
Ringing, ringing,
Now Christmas bells are ringing,
For Christmas Day is here!

[*All clasp hands and swing hands freely forward and back, like the clapper of a bell. Voice, face and body should express joy and animation. Children dance off the stage still holding one another's hands and swinging arms back and forth.*

NOTE: Teach this little song as a relaxation exercise. Use it when the little folks are restless. Children love to dramatize the Christmas idea. The song may then be given as a part of the Christmas program.

School Education

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

MARIE IRISH

MOTION SONG FOR A NUMBER OF BOYS

TUNE: *Yankee Doodle*

The Christmas Day is coming fast,
It sets us all a-tingle;

[*Wave hands at sides and jump about from one foot to the other.*]

If you just listen p'rhaps you 'll hear

[*Bend forward, hand to right ear as if listening.*]

Old Santa's sleigh bells jingle.

CHORUS:

Santa is a good old soul,
[*Nod head in affirmation.*]
But it 's awful shocking
[*Shake head sadly.*]
All the presents it must take
To fill each Christmas stocking.

[*During last two lines hold left hand out from body and bring right hand up and down from the right side, touching left hand each time as if taking gifts from a bag and putting them into a stocking.*]

I think to get 'em all around
[*Hands extended out at each side, arm's length.*]
'T would take a dozen long trips,
Even though he had 'em piled in
Forty-'leven airships.

[*Right hand raised high and moved along as if following the course of an airship.*]

Chorus

The babies don't need very much,
Their stockings are so tiny,
[*Hands held forward to measure a tiny stocking.*]
And they will be quite satisfied
With just a rattle shiny.
[*Shake right hand as if holding rattle.*]

Chorus

Why should the girls think Santa Claus
Must bring a great lot to 'em?
[*Hands out in front as if holding big armful of bundles.*]
To fill a stocking of this size
[*Hold hands to measure stocking about three-fourths of a yard long.*]
It surely ought to do 'em.
[*Nod head emphatically.*]

Chorus

But as for boys it takes so much
[*Each boy points to himself, touching hand to breast.*]
To give us Christmas pleasure,
To satisfy our wants requires
A stocking of this measure.
[*Each boy pulls from his pocket and holds up to view a cloth stocking at least three feet long. These can be made of any old cloth and should be of various colors. Boys hold them with both hands at each side of top.*]

Chorus

JOHN GRIN AND JOE GROUCH

MARIE IRISH

HUMOROUS ACTION SONG FOR ANY EVEN NUMBER OF BOYS

TUNE: *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*

John Grin was a happy young fellow,
[*Put hands on hips and grin at one another.*]
Good-natured and merry was he;
[*Rub hands together and grin at audience.*]
Whatever befell you could tell, oh,
That Johnnie contented would be.
[*Singers look at one another, motion with hands and nod heads as if saying, "That 's all right."*]
He loved the stormy days and sunny,
[*Look off at sides and up toward sky as if viewing the weather.*]
He loved the spring and the fall;
In winter he said it was funny,
[*Bend forward and shake finger impressively at audience.*]
But Christmas he loved best of all.
[*Bring right hand down on to left with a slap and nod head.*]
He loved Christmas Day, oh, ho, ho!
He loved it in rain, shine, or snow,

His greeting he 'd shout with a will, oh,
He 'd shout "Merry Christmas" just so.
[*Call out "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" to the audience, smiling as broadly as possible and yelling it in the heartiest manner.*]

Joe Grouch was a surly old growler,
[*Draw down face and look as cross as possible.*]
Complaining with all of his might,
[*Scowl and shake head sadly.*]
He sure was a sad-visaged scowler,
[*Look from one to the other, sigh, and shake head.*]
The world never suited him right.
[*Draw face down long, look cross, clasp fingers and twirl thumbs.*]
In Christmas he did not believe,
[*Point finger at audience, shaking it slowly and scowling.*]
No gifts he would give or receive,
[*Extend both hands out at sides, clasp arms on breast.*]
He said he never could see-ee
[*Draw the last word out mournfully.*]
Why Christmas Day merry should be.
[*Frown and shake head.*]
He scorned Christmas Day, oh, ho, ho!
He scorned it in rain, shine, or snow,
His greeting he 'd sigh with a scowl, oh,
He 'd sigh "Merry Christmas" just so.
[*Call out "Merry Christmas!" just once to the audience in the most mournful manner, scowling heavily, hands folded primly.*]

Now, my good friends, be merry and cheery,
[*Bend forward and shake finger at audience.*]
A lesson from Joe you may learn:
[*Draw face down long and sigh.*]
Do not let your Christmas be dreary,
But blessings and pleasures discern.
[*Hands on hips, look about from side to side and smile.*]

Just smile, and your neighbor will smile, oh,
[*Look at one another and smile broadly.*]
Give aid to the needy and sad;
[*Put right hand in pocket and bring it out, extending forward as if to give.*]
A cheery greeting is worth while, oh,
There 's someone for you to make glad.
[*Point with right hand to some person in audience.*]
You 'll love Christmas Day, oh, ho, ho!
You 'll love it in rain, shine or snow.
[*Nod head emphatically.*]
Your greeting just shout with a will, oh,
Call out "Merry Christmas" just so.
[*Each two turn to face, smile, shake hands heartily and say "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" with great enthusiasm.*]

CHRISTMAS

AN ACROSTIC FOR NINE CHILDREN

Each child should carry a large letter, keeping it out of view until ready to speak the lines it represents.

Come and hear what we can say:
I am for **C** for Christmas Day.

H is for the happy boy,
And I wish you all much joy.

R must ring the Christmas chime,
Jingle, jangle all the time.

I am **I**, as you can see,
If I tried, who else could I be?

S means Santa Claus so jolly,
He 's the one that brought my dolly.

T is tree that vigil kept
Christmas Eve, while others slept.

M is merry, so they say,
What all should be on Christmas Day.

A—what was it I was told?
A means all, both young and old.

S is the song the shepherds heard
When all the waiting air was stirred.

TWO [*in unison*]:
Hark! the angels' chant is still:
On earth peace, toward men good will.

ALL [*joining hands*]:
Now be merry, with good cheer;
Christmas comes but once a year.

CHRISTMAS MORN

AN ACROSTIC FOR THIRTEEN CHILDREN

MONIRA F. MCINTOSH

Each child holds a letter covered with gilt paper or holly. Teach each reciter to emphasize the two rhyme-words in his line.

Christ in Bethlehem was born, long ago on Christmas morn.
Herald angels sweetly sang; "Peace on earth," the chorus rang.
Roused the shepherds from their sleep, as they lay among the sheep.
In the heavens a wondrous star led the wise men from afar,
Safely o'er the desert wild, till they reached the Holy Child.
There the new-born Baby lay, cradled in the fragrant hay.
Mary, kneeling by his side, watched Him with a mother's pride.

All about Him stood the kine, gazing on the Babe divine,
Sleeping in the lowly manger, safely guarded from all danger.

Many a year has passed away, since that first glad Christmas Day,
Over all the earth is told those glad tidings, sung of old.
Ring the bells with joy to-day! Sing the Christmas carols gay!
Ne'er forget that holy morn, when the Prince of Peace was born!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

MARY E. JACKSON

AN ACROSTIC FOR FOURTEEN CHILDREN

Each child recites one line, holding in his hand a card on which is printed the letter with which his line begins.

Merry glad Christmas is here once again.
Each Christmas carol bids "Good will to men."
Red are the berries, and green is the tree,
Rich are the presents for you and for me.
Yule logs are blazing; then ope wide the door.

Christ gave his love to the rich and the poor.
Hang up the stockings, a dangling row.
Ring out the glad bells across the white snow.
In the still hours, list, girls, and list, boys!
Santa Claus comes with his sleighful of toys!
Take your full stockings but think ere you play
Many a poor child has no Christmas Day.
And with this sharing, this "Good will to men!"
Singing, we welcome glad Christmas again.

Normal Instructor and Primary Plans

TABLEAUX

A VISION OF THE PAST

MARIE IRISH

Young lady dressed as a grandmother with white hair, spectacles, small black lace cap, black gown with white neckerchief and white cuffs, sits in an easy chair with a book in her hand, gazing off into space. To one side of her, and farther back on the stage, where they will be in a dim light, two little girls, with flowing hair, tiny white nightcaps, long white nightgowns, and bare feet, stand, each holding an old-fashioned doll on one arm and in the other hand a long stocking stuffed full of Christmas presents. Girls smile at dolls in happy manner. If it can be arranged, a better effect is gained by having girls stand back of black mosquito netting to dim the view. The following lines are read as light is thrown upon the scene:

Christmas for the aged is a time of memories;
  In reminiscing mood thoughts backward flow,
Living once again the scenes of years gone by,
  Seeing in dreams the friends of long ago.
Grandmother's favorite Christmas vision
  Is of her girls in the early morning chill
Slipping from their beds to merrily discover
  The gifts so wonderful that their stockings fill.

LIBERTY'S TOKEN

MARIE IRISH

A daintily-dressed little boy and girl stand side by side, holding a little in front of them a large wreath of holly or evergreen, tied at one side with bow of red ribbon or crepe paper. Each child holds the wreath with one hand and with the other holds several Christmas presents. Just back of the

children stands a young lady dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, flowing hair, white gown, crown, sash and trimmings of red, white, and blue. She holds a good-sized flag and gazes lovingly at the children as these words are read:

There can be no joy at Christmas time,
  No bells to merrily ring,
No happy children gathering
  Their Christmas carols to sing;
There can be no joy at Christmas time,
  No peace and glad good will,
Unless the flag of Liberty
  Is floating o'er us still.
Oh, blessed banner of the free,
  Forever may it wave,
At Christmas time and every time,
  Over all the true and brave.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Marie Irish

Hang the background with black or dark cloth; in front of this fasten two boards so they stand upright at least five feet and about four feet apart; at the top, connecting them, nail an arch cut from cardboard, pasteboard, or light wood; cover arch and boards with green cloth or paper; from the center of the arch suspend a red bell, and from point where the bell is fastened run five red streamers which reach almost to the floor—the loose end of each streamer being held by a child. At center of arch and slightly back of it stands a boy dressed as Santa Claus, smiling at the children as he bends somewhat forward and watches them; in line with Santa, but several feet in front of him, stands a tiny girl in white with flowing curls, holding on one arm a large dolly and in the other hand an end of a streamer from the bell; on either side of her, but somewhat back of her, stand two larger girls in white, each holding in one hand an end of a streamer, and in the other hand a red bell fastened to a stick wound with green paper: in front of each board which supports the arch stands a boy, somewhat back of the last-mentioned girls, each holding an end of a streamer in one hand and in the other hand a bunch of Christmas greens, holly, or evergreen. On the arch fasten the

letters "Merry Christmas" cut from white paper. Bright light is thrown upon the scene and these lines are read by someone off stage:

Oh, the merry, merry Christmas Day,
  When all the world is young and jolly;
When the bells ring sweet and clear,
  And our homes are gay with holly;
When Christmas love is in the air,
And hearts forget their care.

Oh, the merry, merry Christmas Day,
  When East and West are meeting;
And from the Northland to the South
  There rings the Yuletide greeting;
When Christmas love is in the air,
And hearts forget their care.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

MARIE IRISH

A young lady in long white robe, flowing hair, band of gilt around her head, arms exposed, and wings made of white cloth or crepe paper, stands upon a pedestal covered with black. The background back of her should also be covered with black or dark cloth. In her right hand, which is raised and extended upward arm's length, she holds a fine wire, to the other end of which is fastened a gilt star. Have the wire about a yard long and just heavy enough to support the star without bending. The young lady is gazing up at the star and should present a semi-profile view. The following lines are read as the light is thrown upon the scene:

Oh, Christmas star, whose bright light shone
  O'er Palestine's dark hills and plain,
Guiding the wise men from the East
  While angels sang their glad refrain;
"Glory to God," the words rang out
  With melody sweet and clear,

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
  Were the songs the shepherds heard.
Oh, Christmas star, with heavenly ray,
  Brighten the world with thy light;
Shine while the Christmas spirit glows
  And grows with increasing might.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

TABLEAUX REPRESENTING TRADITIONAL FIGURES OF CHRISTMAS

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

The drop-curtain for this series of tableaux represents the cover of a Christmas gift-book. It is made of gold-colored or green material (cambric will serve), and an immense wreath of holly, mistletoe, and evergreen, tied with red ribbons or crepe paper, hangs in the center. The material is cut out behind this wreath, all but a hinge at the top, and the flap is lifted up when the pictures are shown. The size of the wreath must of course be adapted to the stage, but as some of the tableaux contain several figures it should be as large as possible. It may hang within a few feet of the floor, the tableaux being posed on a low platform behind it.

I ST. NICHOLAS

Saint Nicholas, the reverend,
Comes as the orphan maidens' friend,
And leaves without their cottage door
A marriage portion from his store.
The children's saint and hero he,
All meekness and humility.

The tableau represents St. Nicholas in his traditional dress as Bishop of Myra. He has long white hair, ruddy cheeks, a white beard, and a long, full gown of a dark color. He wears a mitre, and carries a crosier or pastoral staff, while a basket loaded with packages hangs on his arm. (Pictures of mitres and crosiers may be found in any dictionary.) The mitre, a tall, tongue-shaped cap, terminating in two points, may be made of pasteboard and covered with gilt tissue or paper, gold cloth or yellow chiffon, and studded with colored beads to represent jewels. The crosier should be a staff about five feet long, gilt, richly ornamented, and terminating either in a Maltese cross (crosier of ceremony) or a crook. The basket is supposed to be the celebrated one in which the kindly Bishop bore the wedding gifts for the three destitute maidens.

NOTE: The lines accompanying the tableau are to be recited while each is being shown—or to precede them, if desired.

II LA DAME DE NOËL

(The Christmas Lady)

The Christmas Lady, far in France,
Doth with the Christmas tree advance,
And bears it swift, and bears it far,
To all who bless the Christmas star.

This traditional French figure, the bearer of the Christmas tree, should be as beautiful as humanly possible in an all-too-plain world. She is young, fair, and has long, floating hair. She is clothed in white drapery and a long, transparent white veil floats over her head and face. On her head is a golden crown, set round with tapers; but these would best be simulated, or furnished with flames of orange-colored paper, unless electric lights can be procured. The Lady of Christmas bears aloft a tiny Christmas tree, decked in full pomp.

III HANS TRAPP

Now all ye children, great and small,
  Lend an attentive ear,
For lo! the Bugbear comes to find
  How ye have spent the year.

Hans Trapp is the traditional German bugbear who visits all households before the coming of the Christ-Child, and finds out in advance whether the children are to be punished or rewarded. He may be as monstrous as the Christmas Lady was beautiful. He is always dressed in furs, has one shoulder higher than the other, and either wears a beast's head, a false face, or has his own grotesquely painted. He carries a bell in one hand, and under his arm an immense bunch of rods.

IV BABOUSCKA

Babouscka, wrinkled, old, and gray,
Is she who scorned to show the way
To those who sought—the Three Wise Men—
The road to blessed Bethlehem.

Babouscka is the old Russian woman of tradition who refused to show the three kings the way to Bethlehem, and who has been doomed to wander forever to find the Christ-Child.

She is old, bent, and bowed, is enveloped in a long, gray cloak, the hood slipping from her white hair, leans upon a staff, and carries a basket full of toys on her arm. Some one capable of considerable facial expression should take the part, and give the idea of one who has sinned, is unhappy, and seeks forgiveness.

V THE CHRISTMAS WAITS

'T is break of day, and from the East
  The light begins to pour;
We've trudged and sung this many a mile,
  And stopped at many a door.
We pray ye, kindly householders,
  Some silver for our pains,
For at the blessed Christmastide
  Each man should share his gains.

Christmas carols were sung from door to door in England as early as the fifteenth century, so any quaint old English costumes are suitable for the Christmas Waits. A group of boys or men in smock frocks, bright woolen comforters tied about their necks, and old felt hats pulled down over their heads, would be effective. Some of the singers should be stout and old, and some lean on their staves. They may carry instruments—a bass viol, a flute, etc., if desired. If wigs are used, the hair of the English rustics in early times was usually cut square over the forehead and worn rather long and loose in the neck. Lanterns of antique pattern may be carried, if any can be found or made, and one of the carollers, with a plaintive look, holds up a box for coins to an imaginary window. The lights should be lowered, as it is break of day, and the tableau illuminated by the lanterns. The Waits may sing, if desired, or be accompanied by a carol from the wings.

VI JACK HORNER

See, here is Jack Horner,
  Plucked out of his corner,
And eating his Christmas pie.
  What strange jubilation,
  What over-elation,
He seems to evince in his cry!

Jack Horner should be a plump and rosy little fellow, attired in any picturesque costume, preferably white, pale blue, or scarlet. A Peter Pan suit or a Kate Greenaway smock frock is suitable, with an appropriate cap, which may be a baker's cap, fashioned from white paper. Jack Horner holds an immense pie, made in the largest yellow bowl (or tin pan) to be had, and covered with brown paper to imitate pastry. A hole is seen in the crust, and the boy holds his prize high, looking up toward it exultantly. An expressive child-face is needed for this picture.

VII BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM

Bob Cratchit comes, with Tiny Tim
  Upon his shoulder riding;
A humble pair but Christmas cheer
  Within their hearts abiding.
'T was Tim, who, at the Christmas feast,
  When all the cheer was done,
Cried out with thin and piping voice,
  "God bless us, every one!"

In Dickens' "Christmas Carol," Bob Cratchit is described as a small man, "dressed in threadbare clothes, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him." The story is early Victorian in date, so Cratchit may wear a high collar and stock and an old-fashioned coat of the proper date. A shabby, old-fashioned silk hat is on his head, and his comforter (red or blue) is hanging about his neck, but not wrapped around, lest his collar be hidden. He is shown as he came home from church to the Christmas dinner, bringing Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. The child should be a very small and delicate one, of pale and spiritual face. (If any one can be found expert in preparing faces for the stage, both father and son should be made rather pale and meager, and the child should have dark shadows under the eyes.) The child's clothing is of no moment, for it is hardly seen as he perches on his father's shoulder; but the posing and lighting must be carefully done, so that he, as principal figure, may stand out well in the picture.

VIII CAROL OF THE CRUTCHES

This was the sweetest Carol was ever sung or said,
And children clustered at her side and gathered round her bed.
On Christmas Day she came to earth, a mortal child, and then
The angels took her willing hands and led her back again.

This tableau is posed from the cover picture of Mrs. Wiggins' "Birds' Christmas Carol." Carol, a girl of twelve or thirteen years, sits in a great armchair, pillows behind her, and a covering of some sort (preferably a pale blue afghan or blanket), thrown over her knees. She wears a soft white or pale pink gown, and her long hair is unbound and falls loose over her shoulders. Her hands rest on the arms of the chair, and in the bend of her right arm she holds her crutches. The back of the chair should be high enough to serve as a background for her head, and should be dark in tone. A small table covered with a white cloth, and holding books and a vase of holly, stands by her side. The light, as in the previous picture, should be centered on her head.

IX SANTA CLAUS

What shall we say of Santa Claus,
  So near to us, so dear to us?
What shall we say of Santa Claus,
  So dear to us forever?
Why, nothing say, but "Hip hooray!"
  So near he is, so dear he is;
Why, nothing say, but "Hip hooray!"
  And cheer his name forever.

The traditional figure of Santa Claus, as he may be seen in innumerable pictures, now appears within the Garland.

Popular Educator

PANTOMIMED SONGS AND PANTOMIMES

SILENT NIGHT

Marie Irish

The thought is expressed in gestures by several actors upon the stage, while the words are read or sung by one or more persons either behind the scenes or at the front and to one side of the stage.

Song is pantomimed by four or more girls or young ladies, while words are sung by one or more voices.

1. Silent night!

[*Left hand hanging at side, right hand, fingers slightly curved, palm to the front, raised to about height of cheek and held eight inches from side of face.*]

Holy night!

[*Hands clasped at center of breast, head bowed reverently.*]

All is calm,

[*Continue above pose.*]

all is bright!

[*Still hold hands clasped, but raise head and look heavenward.*]

Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,

[*Left hand down at side, body inclined slightly forward, right hand, palm up, extended to the front, pointing; expression of face as if looking at vision.*]

Sleep in heavenly peace,

[*Hands together, palms touching, head inclined to the left, and left cheek resting against hands, eyes closed.*]

Sleep in heavenly peace.

[*Hands still against left cheek, eyes closed, head bowed to the front, shoulders slightly drooping.*]

2. Silent night! Holy night!
[*Same poses as in first stanza.*]
Shepherds quake at the sight!
[*Step back with right foot, left hand down and out at left side; right hand raised to center of breast; eyes looking up, expression of fear on face.*]
Glories stream from heaven afar,
[*Right hand raised, pointing obliquely upward, face raised, eyes looking up.*]
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
[*Both hands raised, arms' length, pointing obliquely upward, eyes looking up.*]
Christ the Saviour is born,
[*Step forward with right foot, incline body forward, gaze forward with rapt expression.*]
Christ the Saviour is born!
[*Body inclined slightly more to the front, expression as before, right hand forward, palm up, as if pointing to mother and Child. At close bring right foot back into line ready for next stanza.*]

3. Silent night! Holy night!
[*Same poses as in the first stanza.*]
Son of God, love's pure light,
[*Hands still clasped at breast, eyes looking upward.*]
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
[*Right hand upraised heavenward, eyes following hand.*]
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
[*Eyes still looking upward, step back with right foot, hands extended out at sides, somewhat in front of body, palms upward.*]
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
[*Kneel on right knee, hands clasped at center of breast, eyes upraised. Do not kneel in a straight ** line, those at ends step forward to form curve, thus: * *]
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
[*Still kneeling, hands clasped as before, bow head reverently.*]

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

MARIE IRISH

To be pantomimed by four or more girls as the words are either read or sung off stage.

1. O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;

[*Stand three feet apart; left hand down and out slightly at side; right hand raised to height of forehead and held out from face about a foot, eyes looking under hand, which is held palm down. Body should be bent slightly forward.*]

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.

[*Right hand raised arm's length, pointing toward the left, then moved slowly along, pointing upward, until hand is pointing off at the right, eyes following hand as it moves.*]

Yet, in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;

[*Right hand down at side, body inclined forward, left hand raised breast-high, palm up, and held out to the front, eyes looking forward as if at light.*]

The hopes and fears of all the years.

[*Step slightly back with the right foot, body inclined backward, each hand extended out at sides, arm's length.*]

Are met in thee, to-night.

[*Walk quickly forward, three steps, coming as close together as they can stand as they meet in line; drop hands to sides as the start is made, then bring them up, waist high, pointing out to the front, palms up, hands about six inches apart as the stop is made.*]

2. How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!

[*During a short interlude between first and second stanzas the actors move apart and stand in two lines, thus:* **
As words of second stanza begin, those on the * *
right-hand line raise left hand, those on the * *

left-hand line raise right hand to height of shoulder, holding hand as if motioning for silence, with palm to the front, hand slightly in advance of body, head inclined slightly forward and leaned toward side on which hand is raised.]

So God imparts to human hearts

[*Those on right-hand line raise right hand, others raise the left, pointing heavenward, eyes looking upward.*]

The blessings of His heaven.

[*The hand which was raised is brought down and laid over the heart; the other hand is down at side and slightly out from body, eyes still looking upward.*]

No ear may hear His coming.

[*Those on right-hand line step slightly forward with right foot, incline body forward, raise right hand and hold it, palm to the front, near ear, as if listening; those on left line step forward with left foot; raise left hand.*]

But in this world of sin,

[*Bring foot back to place; stand upright, hands extended at each side nearly arm's length.*]

When meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

[*Slowly bring hands together until they are touching over heart.*]

3. Oh, holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;

[*During the interlude between second and third stanzas the actors arrange themselves in a diagonal line along the stage, thus:*

*
*
*
*
*
*

As third stanza begins extend hands forward, palms up, the right hand held higher than the left, eyes looking upward.]

Cast out our sin and enter in;

[*Hands brought together at center of breast, then moved out at each side, palms down, till they are almost at arm's length.*]

Be born in us to-day.

[*Hands slowly dropped to sides, face raised, eyes looking up.*]

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;

[*Step forward with right foot, body inclined forward, happy expression on upturned face, right hand raised to near right ear to catch sound.*]

Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

[*With body still inclined forward and eyes raised, raise both hands in pleading manner, right hand held somewhat higher than the left, which should be about height of top of head.*]

CHRISTMAS EVE CURIOSITY

MARIE IRISH

[*To be acted by four little maids as the lines are read. Each girl wears long white nightgown, white stockings, and no shoes, little white nightcap, hair curled and flying around face. At back of stage arrange a fireplace—strips of building paper or thin boards will do—to which four stockings can be hung.*]

The stockings are hung by the chimney
All ready for Santa to pack

[*Enter the four girls and stand profile view looking at the stockings, each with a hand pointing toward them.*]

Brim-full from the toe to the top,
From his generous Christmas sack.

'T is time all the children were safely
In warm, cozy beds tucked away,

[*Girls turn to face audience and rub eyes sleepily.*]

There to dream of wonderful presents
They should find at the break of day.

[*Yawn and nod heads, eyes closing.*]

But these winsome wee naughty maidens
From their beds decided to creep,
[*All move forward stealthily toward front of stage.*]
To know if their stockings hung safely,
[*Turn heads and look back over right shoulder at stockings.*]
Before they should drop off to sleep.

They wondered if the old chimney flue
[*Girls move back to fireplace, get down on knees and peep up the flue, nodding heads at each other as if talking.*]
Were wide and clean, and safe and right,
So Santa could easily get down it,
And not get wedged in fast and tight.

Then these maidens began to worry
[*They rise, come forward, and stand in group, looking anxiously from one to another, and shaking heads doubtfully.*]
Whether Santa Claus really knew
That Bess wished a dolly with brown eyes,
While Nellie and Kate wanted blue.

And then their eyes sleepily drooped,
[*Close eyes and yawn.*]
While nid-nod went each little head,
[*Heads droop lower and lower.*]
So they kissed each other good-night
[*Each couple kisses.*]
And scampered away to their bed.
[*Run off with quick short little steps.*]

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS

MARIE IRISH

To be pantomimed by five girls and four boys as the words are read off the stage.

One girl dresses as grandmother; white hair, spectacles, black gown with white cuffs and neckerchief, and tiny black lace cap; one girl as the mother, with hair done up, long gown, big apron; one girl as a young lady wearing long skirt, small white apron, fancy dusting cap;

one as young lady in fancy light evening gown, bright ribbons, hair done high, etc. Esther is taken by a little girl in short everyday dress. One boy dresses as grandfather, hair powdered, whiskers made of rope or white crepe paper, long-tailed coat, etc.; another dresses as young man, hair very sleek, mustache, large necktie; two boys with greens have everyday clothes.

At center of back have a small stand on which the mother can stir her cakes; on it should be a bowl, large spoon, flour sieve, cup, and box of spice. In front and to either side of this stand have easy chairs for Grandfather and Grandmother. In front of them and at center of stage have suspended a small bunch of mistletoe. (If it cannot be secured, make a little by cutting light green paper leaves and fastening them in a bunch with small white berries made of wax or gum.)

[*As curtain rises Grandmother sits sewing and Grandfather stringing popcorn; they continue this during all the pantomime.*]

The Christmas spirit is in the air,
Christmas secrets are everywhere,
  Everybody 's busy as a bee;
Grandma 's sewing a useful gift,
Grandpa 's giving the children a lift—
  Stringing corn for the Christmas tree.

[*Mother now comes on, goes to table, stirs, beats, turns sieve and shakes can of spice, pretending to pour in mixture from cup, etc.*]

Mother 's busy stirring things to bake,
Cookies, big plum pudding, and a cake—
  She is famous for good things to eat;
There 'll be sugared doughnuts fat and round,
Pumpkin pies from recipe renowned,
  And her little spice cakes, light and sweet.
    [*As reading finishes she hurries out with bowl.*]

[*Girl with dusting cap now comes on, carrying dust cloth. She dusts about briskly, rubbing table the mother worked on, arms of the chairs Grandfather and Grandmother are sitting in, etc.*]

Mollie has to make things clean and fine,
Floors and furniture, everything must shine,
  Not a particle of dust be seen;

Christmas company will come ere long—
Mollie says 't would be quite wrong
If the house were not all spick-span clean.
[*She goes from stage.*]

[*Little girl with doll now enters, goes to center of stage and stands patting and hugging dolly and fixing its hair. At close of stanza she sits down on floor in front of Grandmother and remains playing with dolly until curtain falls.*]

Little Esther tends with loving care
A one-armed dolly with tousled hair
And in her head a dreadful crack,
Wondering, as she hugs and pets the dear,
If for her good Santa Claus this year
Will have a new doll in his pack.

[*The two boys now enter, each with an armful of evergreen or each with a green wreath and a bunch of green. They stand beside Grandfather and Grandmother during the rest of the pantomime.*]

Then, with holly, pine, and evergreen,
Come the boys to decorate the scene
In honor of the holiday;
E'en a bit of mistletoe bring in,
For on Christmas Day it is no sin
To take a kiss that comes your way.

[*Now enter the young lady and young man. As they come in the light is turned off, so there is but dim light on stage. Young lady goes over and stands under mistletoe in dreamy pose; young man stands to one side and back of her, then steps forward and kisses her. Grandmother lays down her work and gazes dreamily at the young lady.*]

Grandma gives a gentle little sigh.
Dreaming of the days long since gone by,
When she, beneath the mistletoe,
Was caught and held in a close embrace,
And kissed upon her blushing face
By a gallant and heart-winning beau.

CURTAIN FALLS

A CHRISTMAS PARADE

MYRTLE BROOKER PETERSON

In a certain First Grade room, a Christmas parade was voted a success by visitors, pupils, and teacher. Small express wagons decorated with evergreen boughs, with bits of cotton to represent snow, drawn by stocking-capped, mittened boys, about whose bodies were small strings of sleigh bells, formed the basis for the parade.

In the first cart rode Holly, a small girl with a huge red hair ribbon and a green cheesecloth dress, made very simply. Mistletoe came next, attired in white, with a green hair ribbon carrying a sprig of mistletoe in her hand. The Christmas Fairy, with a silver crown and silver wand made of tinsel paper, and butterfly wings, rode next. A boy carrying a "huge" Christmas tree, purchased at the Ten Cent Store, came next.

On the next cart, a huge Christmas candle, made of red drawing paper, surrounded by small, lighted "really, truly" candles rode. A wagon load of toys, brought to school by the children, was the next part of the parade.

Then came a small "really, truly" decorated Christmas tree. Last of all, came Santa Claus, a small boy wearing a Santa suit, over his shoulder a bulging sack of toys.

After passing around the room several times to the jolly music of the sleigh bells, the carts and their occupants were lined up in the front of the room to form a background for the remainder of the program.

Primary Education

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A SHADOW PLAY FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN

LINDA S. CONNELLY

MATERIALS NEEDED

Light weight frame for large bed sheet.

Light (electric, if possible, with reflector) hung a little above the waist level of children.

Mantel made from cardboard.
Stockings.
Santa's sleigh made from cardboard and nailed to a little chair.
Santa Claus suit, pipe and bag.
Tasseled nightcap for father.
Eight cardboard reindeer pinned on a lath to appear harnessed.

The poem is recited by individual children accompanying the shadow play; the light is extinguished twice to allow change of scenery as indicated. Windows must be darkened.

Scene I: Bedroom

'T was the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter[1]
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.[2]
Away to the window I flew like a flash,[3]
Tore open[4] the shutters and threw up the sash.

1 Sit up in bed and listen.
2 Jump out of bed and pause, listening.
3 Run to window.
4 Open curtains, raise window and lean out of "window" on a table at edge of lighted screen.

Scene II: Lawn

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,[1]
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came
And he whistled[2] and shouted and called them by name.

Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen,[3]
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donder and Blitzen.
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all.[4]

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.[5]

1 Santa snaps whip and jiggles reins.
2 Remove pipe from mouth and lean forward whispering names as reciter says them.
3 Lean forward and shake reins.
4 Crack whip over backs.
5 Just as light is extinguished raise end of lath to simulate reindeer rising from ground.

Scene III: Another View of Bedroom

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around[1]
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.[2]
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.[3]
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,[4]
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly[5]
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed[6] when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head[7]
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.[8]

And laying his finger aside of his nose[9]
And giving a nod[10] up the chimney he rose.[11]

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle[12]
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

1 Pa shuts window and turns around and starts at sight of Santa.
2 Santa jumps down from chair behind fireplace.
3 Santa sets pack down and brushes off soot.
4 Santa begins filling of stockings—looking at different toys.
5 Santa holds up jumping-jack from pack and doubles up laughing.
6 Pa quickly covers mouth with hand while laughing.
7 Santa looks at Pa over shoulder.
8 Santa puts bag on shoulder and turns facing fireplace.
9 Santa lays finger aside of his nose.
10 Santa gives a nod.
11 Santa steps on chair behind fireplace and disappears.
12 Pa leans out of window.

SONGS AND MUSIC

DREARY DECEMBER

MARIE IRISH

TUNE: *Beulah Land*

December brings the chilling breeze,
When winds blow through the leafless trees;
From gray skies fall the drifting snows,
And Jack Frost nips the children's toes.

CHORUS:

Oh, deary me! Oh, deary me!
The days are cold as cold can be;
Yet this month we love very well,
The reason we to you will tell—
We love it well, hooray, hooray!
December brings us Christmas Day.

The river 's still, the flowers are dead,
The merry song birds south have fled;
But in our homes there 's Christmas cheer,
And Santa Claus will soon be here.

Chorus

Good things there are for us to eat—
Cakes, puddings, pies, and candies sweet;
With loving friends we 'll merry be
Around the shining Christmas tree.

Chorus

Of selfishness let us beware;
Our Christmas joys we all should share;
To give to others is the way
To have a merry Christmas Day.

Chorus

JUST BE MERRY

MARIE IRISH

TUNE: *Work for the Night Is Coming*

Some girls like blue-eyed dollies,
  With curls of flaxen hue;
Others want dolls with brown eyes—
  Nothing else will do;
But which one Santa brings you,
  Whether blue eyes or brown,
Love her and say your dolly
  Is the best in town.

Frank wants a sled for Christmas,
  Will wants an auto spry,
Fred thinks he 'd like an airship
  To sail in the sky;
But whether drum or bicycle,
  Pony or shining sleigh,
Say it 's *fine* and be merry
  Upon Christmas Day.

Some folks eat goose for Christmas,
  Some favor nice roast beef;
Others are fond of chicken,
  Some think turkey chief;
But which is set before you
  Eat it with right good will,
Do not look cross or grumble—
  Just be merry still.

Don 't let some foolish fancy
  Darken your merry day;
Christmas brings many pleasures,
  So be glad and gay;
Whatever comes or does n 't come
  Enjoy it with a will;
Just keep your face a-smiling
  And be merry still.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

MARIE IRISH

TUNE: *The Old Oaken Bucket*

'T is coming, 't is coming, oh, hang up the holly;
The whole world is merry, and we 're smiling, too;
Come join in our carols, don't be melancholy,
The season's gay greetings we 're bringing to you.

CHORUS:
C-h-r-i-s-t and m-a-s, Christmas,
The day of remembrance and kinship and mirth;
C-h-r-i-s-t and m-a-s, Christmas,
The day of the Bethlehem Babe's holy birth.
The bell-chiming Christmas, the holly-twined Christmas,
The gift-giving Christmas that girdles the earth.

O'er Judean hillsides the angels were singing
Of peace upon earth and good will among men;
And now while the glad chimes of Christmas are ringing
We bring you that message of good will again.
Chorus

If you would discover the true joy of living,
'T is easy to find it upon Christmas Day;
Forget all your troubles and get busy giving—
Just g-i-v-e and expect no repay.
Chorus

OLD SANTA CLAUS

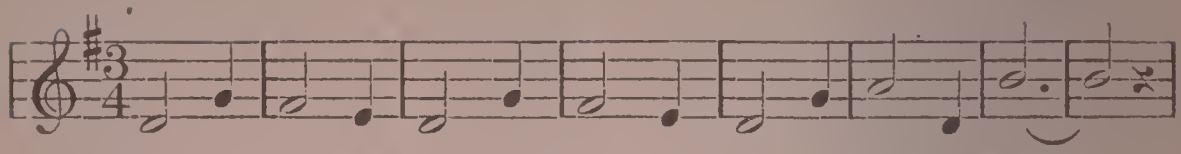
M. NORA BOYLAN

TUNE: *Yankee Doodle*

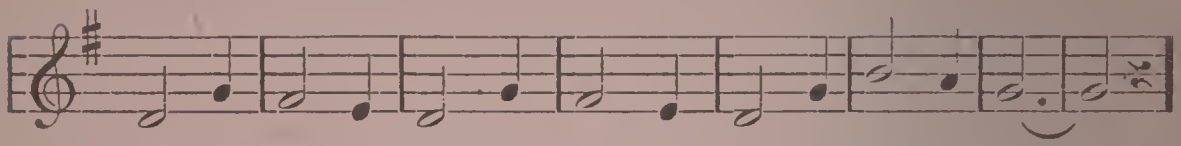
Old Santa Claus is a jolly man
Who brings us lots of toys, sir;
And none are happier Christmas time
Than little girls and boys, sir.

SANTA, WE'LL BE GOOD!

T. B. W. T. B. WEAVER

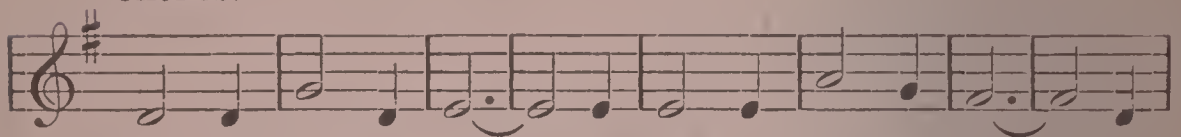


1. San - ta loves the girls and boys Who try to do the right,
2. We ex - pect dear San - ta Claus Our Christmas gifts to bring,
3. How we love dear old Saint Nick Who comes when we're in bed;
4. Here is some-thing we can do To thank him as we should;



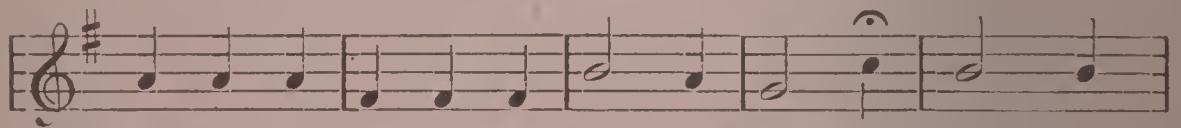
E - ven if they sometimes fail While try - ing with their might.
But we nev - er thank him once Or give him an - y - thing.
We should glad-ly have him stay With us a week in - stead.
Then we'll try to do the right And be po - lite and good.[1]

CHORUS:

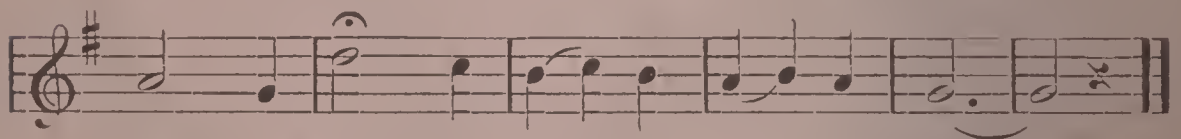


"San - ta, we'll be good, Be - cause we know we should, Not

on - ly when Christ - mas is draw - ing near, But



win - ter and sum-mer, and all the year; Dear San - ta,



we'll be good, Be - cause we know we should."

(1) After the singing of the fourth stanza, one of the pupils reads a letter addressed to Santa Claus, expressing the wishes and thanks of the children; then the chorus should be sung, and the class might use a pretty step or waltz drill before leaving the stage.

SING A SONG FOR SANTA CLAUS

T. B. W. T. B. WEAVER

1. Come, sing a song for San - ta Claus With rein-deer small and fleet,
2. Come, sing a song for San - ta Claus, And fill his heart with joy;
3. Come, sing a song for San - ta Claus, Who brings us Christmas cheer,

And ti - ny sleigh and sil - ver bells, The children's friend to greet;
Each year he does his ver - y best To please each girl and boy;
And let us share it ev - 'ry-where That all the mes - sage hear;

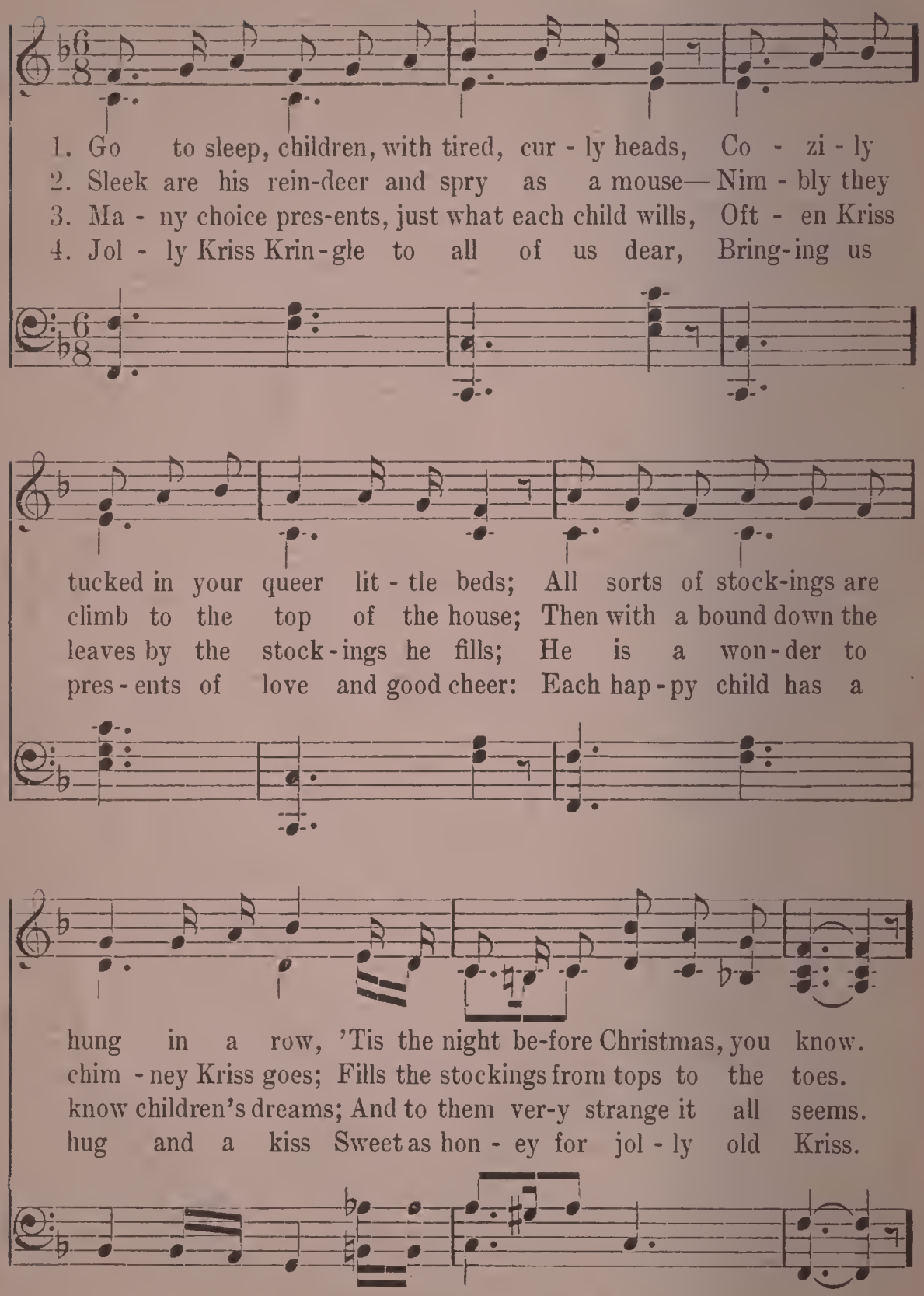
So when he o - pens up his pack, Let all the chil - dren sing,
And when he o - pens up his pack Be - side the Christ-mas tree,
And when he o - pens up his pack 'Twill add to all his joy,

ff

Hur - rah! hur-rah for San-ta Claus, Our jol - ly Win - ter King!
Let's sing our song of thanks and praise, And fill his heart with glee.
In some sweet way, tho' short his stay, To hear each girl and boy.

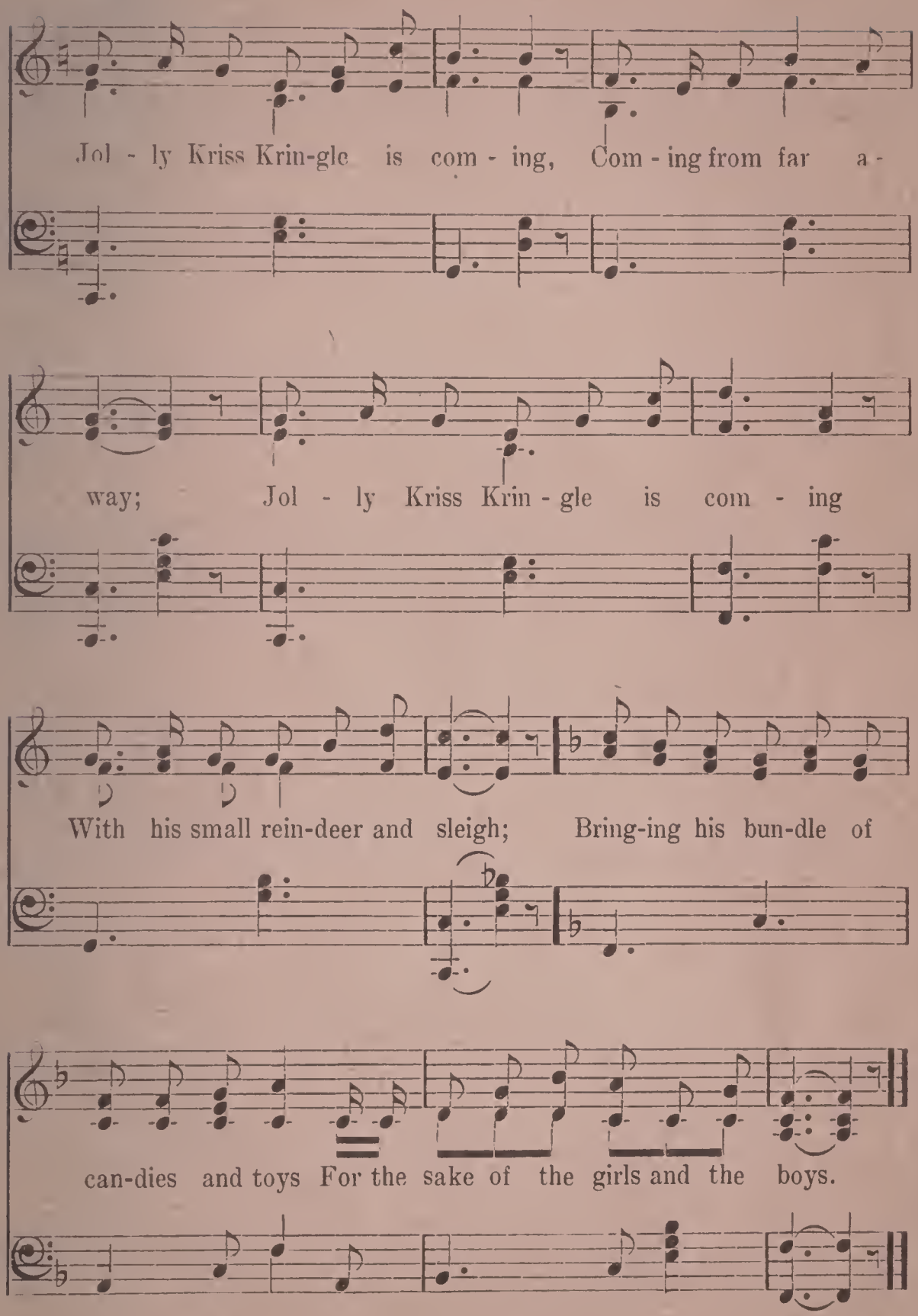
KRISS KRINGLE

T. B. W. T. B. WEAVER



Kriss Kringle—Concluded

CHORUS:



HEY! FOR A MERRIE CHRISTMAS!

T. B. W. T. B. Weaver

1. Let us join in a song of Christ - mas, In an old - time car - ol and chime;..... Of a roar - ing wind and a drift - ing snow, And a
2. Let us join in a song of Christ - mas, Till our hearts with glad - ness o'er - flow;..... And let love have sway in a mer - ry lay, On this
3. Let us join in a song of Christ - mas, One of mirth and frol - ic and fun; ..... Of the hap - py hearts and the count - less joys, Of the

blaz - ing Yule - fire's rud - dy glow, And a
bless - ed, new, glad Christ - mas day, Weave a
glad - some shouts of girls and boys, And may

ting - ling glit - ter of sil - ver - y rime, And a
wreath of hol - ly and rare mis - tle - toe, With a
peace and good will come to ev - 'ry one, With a

ff rit. pp

hey! for a mer - rie Christ - mas, With a hey! hey!

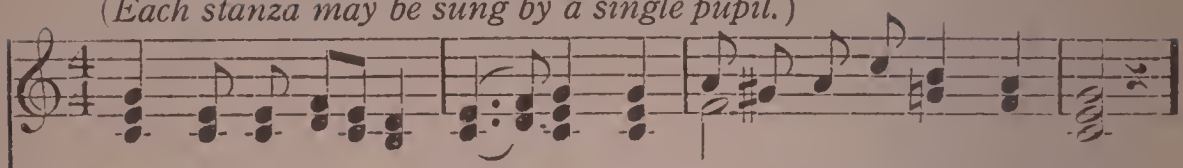
dim.

hey! With a hey! for a mer - rie Christ - mas!

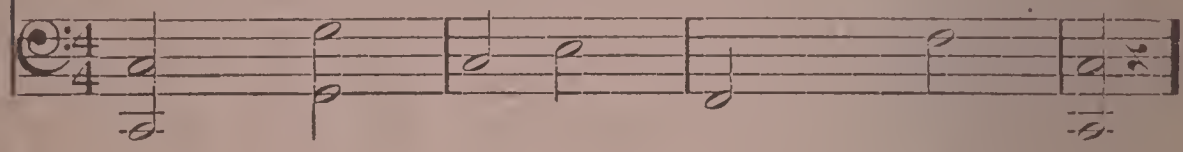
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

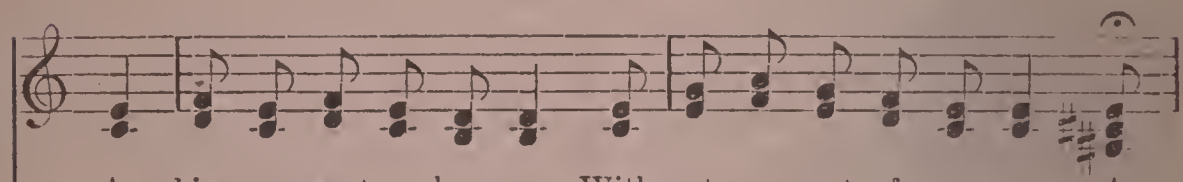
T. B. W. T. B. WEAVER

(*Each stanza may be sung by a single pupil.*)

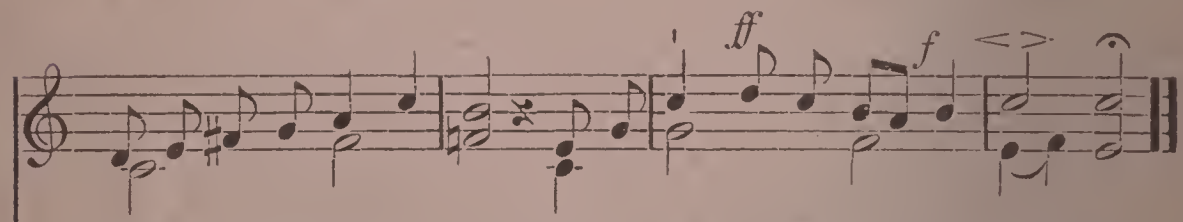


1. What can I give this Christmas Since pric-es are so ver - y high?
2. What can I give this Christmas Since pric-es are so ver - y high?
3. What can I give this Christmas Since pric-es are so ver - y high?
4. What can I give this Christmas Since pric-es are so ver - y high?

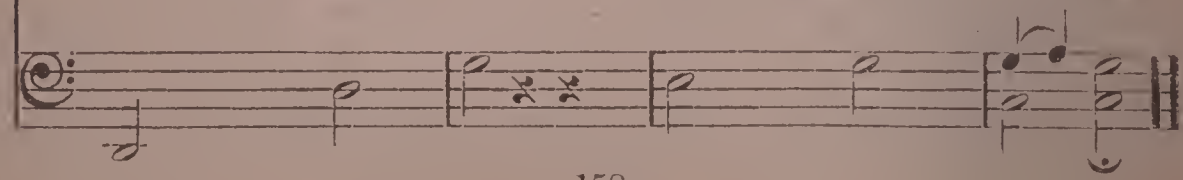




A kiss as sweet as hon - ey, With-out a cent of mon-ey, A
Of old Dutch hugs a doz - en To set your ears a - buz-zin', A
A smile of joy and glad-ness, To drive a - way some sadness, A
A wish of health and treasure, Suc - cess and peace and pleasure, A



gift we cannot sell or buy—That is what I shall give this Christmas.
gift we cannot sell or buy—That is what I shall give this Christmas.
gift we cannot sell or buy—That is what I shall give this Christmas.
gift we cannot sell or buy—That is what I shall give this Christmas.



CHRISTMAS GAMES

CHRISTMAS RHYTHMS AND GAMES

NINA B. LAMKIN

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You can easily classify the rhythms for the different ages, when you have the list of those suggested by the children themselves. We like to sit in a circle on the floor, and, beginning with Mary, each of us acts out something which we want for Christmas and the others guess what it is. We first tell what kind of music we want—"slow, fast, real fast, sleepy, lively, soft," are some of the types called for by the children. The pianist brings out the rhythm by accenting the first note of each measure or the first note of every other measure, etc., as the case may be. In the first and second grades, we have dolls, doll cradles, swings, tops, jumping jacks, games, balls, etc.

In the third and fourth grades we have ponies, train on the track, kites, footballs, automobiles, etc. By the time we have been around the circle our eyes are sparkling, we have almost had our Christmas in anticipation. A wonderful amount of ear training and rhythm are learned at informal times as these.

OTHER SUGGESTIVE RHYTHMS FOR THE MONTH

Ringing Christmas bells.
Hanging up the stockings.
Decorating the Christmas tree.
Blowing up balls for tree.
Lighting candles and putting on tree.

Primary Education

CHRISTMAS BELLS

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To play Christmas Bells you will need some sleigh bells or, if these are not to be had, a little call bell will do. Select a leader and blindfold him. The others stand in a circle about the blindfolded player and pass the bells from hand to hand, jingling them merrily. The one in the center, by following the sound, tries to catch the player who holds the bells. If any one is caught with them in his hands, he must be blindfolded and take his place in the center.

The fun in the game lies in passing the bells so quickly that the leader is at a loss in which direction to turn.

Popular Educator

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

REBECCA DEMING MOORE

Distribute pencils and small stocking-shaped cards. These have printed on one side the title, "What I Found in My Christmas Stocking," and under that, the names of ten gifts that might be found in a stocking. The letters of these are entirely mixed up. The game is to straighten out these jumbled letters and to find out what is really in the stocking. Here is a suggestion for such a stocking game:

1	oldl	doll	6	okob	book
2	zeulpz	puzzle	7	grin	ring
3	geenni	engine	8	onbbir	ribbon
4	yancd	candy	9	serup	purse
5	noemy	money	10	neroga	orange

A little stocking filled with candy is the prize for the one who has the largest number of correct answers on his stocking card at the end of a given time.

Popular Educator

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